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COUNTRY LIFE

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The Prince of Scotland

DR. WALTER SETON, in his public lecture on "Some Historians of Scotland," delivered to inaugurate the newly instituted Lectureship in Scottish History, made a point that is sure to gratify his fellow-countrymen in the North. It was that, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Scotland, Scots should be permitted to drink the health of "the lad that was born to be King" by his title, Prince of Scotland. Even to a great number of His Majesty's lieges resident north of the Tweed it will come as a surprise that there is a Prince of Scotland. At any rate, it happened not very long ago that when a number of Shorthorn cattle were sent from the Duchy to some of the Scottish shows everybody failed to identify the owner by that name. The case would have been different had the same title been used to the Duke of Atholl and others who are familiar with those Scottish historians whom Dr. Walter Seton spoke about in his lecture. The title of "Prince of Scotland" is one of the oldest belonging to the Heir Apparent to the Crown. Dr. Seton recalled the fact that Bellenden, writing about 1530-40, applied the title "Prince of Scotland" to the eldest son of Malcolm Canmore who died in 1093. He spoke of Alexander being made Prince of Scotland in 1203 and of Harry being made Prince of Scotland in 1136. He records the title of Alexander, Prince of Scotland in 1264. Dr. Seton confined himself to drawing the inference that by Bellenden's time—1530 or so—"Prince of Scotland" was an established title. The title was frequently used by English writers of the sixteenth century. Hall did so in writing of the reign of Edward IV. Holinshed, Grafton

and John Harding made a similar use of it; but Dr. Seton says that he cannot find "a single reference to the title in any Act of Parliament, charter, or legal instrument earlier than, say, 1400, or in any English chronicler of the 13th to 15th centuries." In the Great Seal Register of the reign of James IV, there are numerous grants made by the King on behalf of his eldest son "Jacobi, principis et saneschalli Scotiæ," and from that time the title may be regarded as established, even if it does not go back, as some think, to the year 1400. The next holder of the title was Henry Frederick, eldest son of James IV, and after the union of the Crowns Henry still remained Prince of Scotland, but he did not become Prince of Wales until he was so created in 1613. Thus, there is no doubt of the establishment of the title. Dr. Walter Seton dwelt on the fact that while His Royal Highness became Prince of Wales by special creation, he became Prince of Scotland by right of birth as soon as his father became King.

Queen Mary was present at the lecture, and after the cheering that followed Dr. Seton's remark that the precedent of centuries can be claimed, he made a special appeal to Her Majesty, suggesting that, observing the warmth with which the suggestion was greeted, she would be graciously pleased to mention the fact to the Prince, whom Dr. Seton called, in ancient Parliamentary language, "your Majesty's dear son, the high and mighty Prince David, Prince of Scotland and Wales."

We cannot imagine anything in this world increasing the popularity of the Prince of Wales in Scotland or anywhere else, because there is no one else living who holds a higher place in the esteem, not only of the country, but of the Empire and, it would scarcely be too much to say, of the world. No real change is being made, and yet, when the Scottish public realise that they can look upon him rightly as the Prince of Scotland when he visits their country and that he holds that title not by any accident of the day, but by its institution five hundred years ago, they, being a clannish people, will welcome him all the more cordially because he has proved to be one of their "ain folk." He may even come to have as great a hold on their affectionate admiration as Bonnie Prince Charlie himself.

This, of course, would make no difference in England and Wales. Nothing could possibly alter the title of "Prince of Wales," which has been borne by the heir to the throne since the days of Edward the Black Prince, and his predecessor. Between the present holder of the title and the greatest of his progenitors there is a resemblance which has not escaped attention. Both proved themselves great fighting men, different as their positions were, in accordance with the manner of the time in which they lived. Our ancient kings and their sons took the field in person and commanded their own forces. They lived before the invention of the military system as it now exists. From the time of the Conquest until that of Henry VIII there was a succession of English kings who led their armies and fought in their midst. Some of them became on that account renowned in history. William the Conqueror was a great leader; Richard the Lion-hearted was a fighter whose renown is mentioned alongside that of Roland, Oliver and the other Paladins known to fame. In our day the King does not take to the field himself, and the Prince of Wales was rather breaking away from tradition than following it when he volunteered for Kitchener's Army. Incidentally, he showed that the Royal family has not lost the fighting strain.

Even in the country where the people take a pride in singing that "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the Man's the gowd for a' that," the Prince of Wales has come into a rich heritage of loyalty.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Sibell Lygon, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, is given as a frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

March 1st, 1924.



COUNTRY NOTES

ASINGULAR act of loyalty to the memory of Voltaire was witnessed one day last week in Paris. It was the identification of his heart which had been found in the pedestal of the plaster cast in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. The casket was examined and replaced where it was found, and probably it will now be safe for ever. Voltaire had died at the ripe age of eighty-four, just after his fame had reached its apotheosis. When he came back to Paris in 1778, the year of his death, his return was hailed with joy by all the intellect of the capital, with the exception of the Church. His body, after death, was hurriedly buried at the Abbey of Scellière in Champagne and transferred to the Panthéon in 1791, but, during the Hundred Days it is said to have been disentombed. His heart was taken from the body when it was embalmed and given to Madame Denis and by her to Madame de Villette. Nowadays, Voltaire is justly regarded as one of the most powerful thinkers and greatest writers France ever produced. His perception was just and his command of irony perfect without variance from the truth. He could present any cause or event in a fresh and often a ridiculous light. His influence spread far beyond the bounds of France and his fame stands out to-day as that of one of our greatest Europeans.

ALTHOUGH Sir Henry Lucy was bordering on four-score when he passed—on February 20th—he was still a very lively personality. One remembers him in the days of his retirement—if so active a life as he continued to live can be called retirement—devoutly maintaining his old practice of jumping out of a carriage when he came to a hill and running up it, one of his odd methods of keeping himself in condition. In private life and conversation there was nothing of the professed wit, far less of the buffoon, about him: not much drollery of any kind, in fact; but his nimble mind and celerity in reaching the central point of a controversy that interested him reminded one of “Toby, M.P.” The casual reader of *Punch* could not appreciate the amount of intellect that went to the making of his Parliamentary Diary. Anybody could describe Parliamentary or any other proceedings at length, but only brains could at a glance penetrate to the very essence of what was going on and reveal the character of a sitting in a brief epigrammatic sentence. It was the same in regard to his unvarying tact. The comments of a humorist are apt to become nauseating when they are meant to be kindly and bitter if a fault has to be pointed out, but no one had ever cause to regard his praise as flattery or his censure as malignant. Both grew out of an understanding that had its basis in honesty and common sense. In the opinion of good judges the writings of “Toby, M.P.” far outshone those of the voluminous books which he signed with his own name. In his later years he became that curious phenomenon, an accurate gossip. Journalism he had at his fingers’ ends, as might be imagined from the fact that the important part of his career began so long ago as in the days when

the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a new venture in journalism, and Frederick Greenwood its editor.

A WRITER in the *Manchester Guardian* has recently been signalling the disappearance from town shops of the old signs. The barber no longer hangs out a pole, a practice that, we believe, was connected with the fact of his office being surgeon as well as shaver. The stalwart Highlander who used to stand in the attitude of one who takes snuff outside the tobacconist’s door has, in a few instances, been deposited in museums, and, in a few more, drawn into the shop, much to the regret of his admirers. Another passage of an old sign may, perhaps, be traced to the growth of a shame-faced kind of respectability. We mean the three balls which designated that the possessor of them was a pawnbroker. This useful friend of the needy still carries on his business, but usually without the old ostentation, so that his stony-broke customers can enter just as though they were calling at an ordinary shop for merchandise. The cycle repairer, reverting to the principle at least of an old custom, hangs out a wheel to notify his whereabouts; but the publican, as a rule, has discarded the creaking sign and its picture which Charles Dickens made play with. With yesteryear are the old signs of the seller of umbrellas, the chemist, the baker, and many others. On the other hand, there has been a very extraordinary growth of illuminated signs; we mean those advertisements whose beauty comes and goes as, according to the poet, does that of the rose. They are certainly more ingenious than those crude designs of a far-back generation which found their most typical example in the bush that told the whereabouts of the wineshop. The best point about some of them is probably not appreciated either by the inventor or the user, as is the case with that ingenious design which shows a number of rats appearing and disappearing. Often have we admired their black beauty without being certain as to whether they be rats or black beetles. It must be added that these electric signs have added greatly to the nocturnal attractions of Piccadilly, or Piccalilly, as the old lady felicitously called it.

SANCTUARY.

Here between sky and sea
On the down’s soft breast
Old as the sky and sea,
I have found my rest;

Safe from the hounding years
In earth’s arms again:
Here there are no more tears,
There is no more pain.

All shall be well with me
Here in the house of light,
Fear cannot follow me,
There is no more night.

Here where the winds are free
I have felt God’s breath
As a wind blowing over me:
There is no more death.

ANGELA GORDON.

IN the *Cornhill* for March there is “A Third Flashlight from Skerryvore,” by “A. A. B., their gamekeeper,” that will please the old and instruct the young reader. One night when R. L. S. “was very ill indeed with a high temperature” the fantastical thought came to him that he would teach A. A. B. how to write. We must leave to the reader the surprise and delight of learning how it came about and confine ourselves to describing the method adopted. It would not be fair to tell it otherwise than in the words of the writer: “He told me a brief anecdote, usually historical. While he spoke I was not allowed to take notes; all I had to do was to listen with close attention to every word. Whatever I could recall was to be written out afterwards, at home, as nearly as possible in his own words. Then, having previously studied the methods of three or four authors whose names were given to me, my next duty was to relate the original story, imitating, as closely as possible, the style of each. As parody had been

a favourite sport in our family, this was not, as a rule, very difficult." It should be added that the writing had to be done on sheets of paper on which big margins were left for his remarks. It would be interesting to reproduce the account of her most disastrous failure in imitation, which occurred with Macaulay. It produced a storm which quickly passed into sunshine and the remark, "I don't in the least *want* you to write like Macaulay."

THE second chapter of instruction was teaching her to work out a style of her own, and he told her to "think about the place you love best: a house, a garden, anything you choose. See it first in your own mind." So she attempted a description of the garden by the Mole, of which she knew every tree and flower. After many failures she achieved what she considered a modest success, but the master produced a very different verdict. "I never in my life read a worse description." His criticism and instruction could not have been better. "Count the adjectives in that exercise," he commanded. She did so, and a little calculation showed that "my modest percentage of adjectives was 17½," on which the comment of the master was, "And mostly weak ones at that!" On asking, innocently, how it should be done, the swift answer given should be taken to heart by every young writer: "If you want me to see your garden, don't, for pity's sake, talk about 'climbing roses' or 'green, mossy lawns.' Tell me, if you like, that roses twined themselves round the apple trees and fell in showers from the branches. Never dare to tell me again anything about 'green grass.' Tell me how the lawn was flecked with shadows. . . . And, by the way, while we are about it, remember once for all that *green* is a word I flatly forbid you to utter in a description more than, perhaps, once in a lifetime." Oh, excellent mentor!

SATURDAY was a day crowded with football. There were two Rugby international matches and the third round of the Association Cup. The Cup ties were notable for the exit of the last London club, the failure of the South against the North and the kicking of a goal by a player who is now decidedly nearer to fifty than forty, the perennial Meredith. The two internationals ended much as was expected. France were unlucky in having to come to Twickenham with a depleted side, and the Englishmen took a good many liberties and made a good many mistakes and yet won easily. Catcheside jumped clean over the French full-back, to gain a spectacular try, and Ballarin did his best to imitate him in gaining the solitary French try in the last few minutes. Scotland beat Ireland, but not very gloriously. Their three-quarter line was thoroughly disorganised by the absence of two of their four Oxford men. Gracie could not play, and it was only the fine play of the Scottish forwards that won the match, combined with the fact that the Irish pack once more prematurely exhausted itself by its heroic exertions. England, having won all three of its matches, cannot now do worse than share the honours of the season with Scotland, who have won two and lost one; but the match between England and Scotland has a thrill of its own, that is in no way dependent on these statistics.

BRIDGES have, before now, owed their preservation to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Aylesford, over the Medway, was reprieved by them not long ago. Now the society has appealed to correspondents to assist them in making a "survey" of all the old bridges of England. This excellent undertaking has come to be most desirable with the immense increase both in numbers, speed and weight of transport. Many of the proud bridges which for seven centuries have spanned ravines like rainbows, or, in twenty or thirty little bounds, have carried Englishmen over marsh and flood were built originally for pack horses, and only occasional wains. Rowsley Bridge, between Manchester and Bakewell, has been declared inadequate for the increasing traffic. The good sense of the men of Derbyshire is guaranteed, however, by their recent action at Baslow, where, when the old bridge was condemned, the new one was build alongside it. This is obviously the ideal course. But when it is impracticable, the process of

"grouting," or filling the structure with concrete, as practised by the Office of Works at Tintern and Farley, has been most successfully used on some of the Lake Country bridges.

IT is one of the charms of golf that golf courses are often in beautiful places, and it is hard to imagine a more beautiful one than Knole Park, where Lord Sackville has now allowed a course to be made. Already this course, which Mr. Abercromby has designed, has made considerable progress. In a Sunday afternoon walk one can see the sites of many of the greens, some bunkers have been made and a few—luckily a very few—trees lie fallen. The first four holes wind their way along natural glades, which, to the golfing eye, were designed by Providence for the purpose. The fifth climbs up a steep little hill, and at the top the eye is suddenly greeted by a noble view of Knole itself stretching out in a long line and looking more like some little ancient town with clustering roofs and towers than a single great house. There follows some comparatively open ground and then more winding valleys among the woods. The turf has much the same soft and pleasant quality as that in the neighbouring park of Wildernes, and the course should be really good as well as engaging. One cannot help wondering what the red deer and the fallow deer will think of it. At present they seem to view the preparations with complete unconcern. In any case, the park is so big that there will be plenty of room both for them and the intrusive golfer.

THIS SUNDAY.

This Sunday,
Let us run away
And play—
Leaving everybody in the lurch
For once. . . . They can go to church,
Or lie in bed, or . . . anything!
But you must come with me because of—spring.
For at last, at last,
The worst of the winter's past!
I have seen
The bright green
Of the wheat . . . (you remember
It was sown in September),
The hazels are tasseled, the poplars are gold,
The willows are rosy. In the high cold
Windy field are lambs in a fold,
And they cry,
Under the clear wide pale sky.

GRACE JAMES.

SAMUEL PEPYS was the subject of some interesting remarks the other night after the annual birthday dinner at Magdalene College. It was pointed out that the only fact known of his Cambridge career was that he was "admonished for being scandalously over-served with drink the previous night." It is often forgotten that Pepys, who kept his Diary only between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-eight, was to his contemporaries a brilliant and practical civil servant. The flood of minute personal and domestic details thus becomes all the more significant. For why was there the sudden crop of diaries and journals which characterises the late seventeenth century? In England there are Pepys, Evelyn, Luttrell and Hamilton; in France St. Simon, Dangeau and the numerous chroniclers of Versailles. Undoubtedly, the brilliance and variety of contemporary life struck these observers as particularly worth preservation; but so, after all, has life appeared to every observer. In Italy the age of personal narrations had come just a century earlier, with Cellini and the humanists. At the same time one perceives a changed attitude towards life, an acceptance of it, instead of the renunciation characteristic of mediæval philosophy. As a consequence, a new interest emerges in man and his environment. Puritanism, so considered, stands for the last manifestation of the mediæval, religious view of man as "a worm of earth"; and Pepys takes his place beside Hobbes, Newton, Locke and Wren as a pioneer of research—into man's nature.

NEW GUINEA CANNIBALS AND OTHER PAPUANS.—I.

BY A. C. HADDON, *University Reader in Ethnology, Cambridge.*

NEW GUINEA is still one of the most, if not the most, promising countries for exploration and for the investigation of primitive human types, more especially as regards custom and beliefs. Here are to be found peoples in various stages of lowly culture, still practising customs and

rites which are often bizarre and not infrequently to be condemned; indeed, some of them are best relegated to the obscurity of technical publications, and even so the descriptions are sometimes clothed with the fig-leaf of Latinity. The natives are excellent representatives of what are sometimes termed "nature-folk," and, being near to nature, they are not restricted by the conventions of more

muddy swamps. What wonder, then, that beyond the contact of even a barbaric civilisation, these poor folk of the swamps have not risen higher in the social scale! But it must not for a moment be imagined that even they have not their ideals: they may express them differently from the way in which more fortunate peoples do; though, if we take the trouble to understand not so much the form of their activities, but the reasons underlying them, we discover that there is a strong conception of social solidarity, a clear recognition of right and wrong, and a dependence upon higher powers, which are the essence of religion. It is also evident that these savages can erect large structures which necessitate co-

ordinated labour of a number of men for a considerable time, and that they expend much ingenuity and skill upon the appurtenances of their ceremonial life. Indeed, some of the most backward of them exhibit an artistic taste, much of which is symbolic, which is lacking among some of the more advanced natives.

The more one studies the natives of New Guinea the more diversity is to be found, and all their variations open out problems that have to be solved; but a great deal of careful field work is required before we can hope to clear up the history of these



OROKAVA MAN.
North coast of Papua.



MAN OF SAMBIO TRIBE.
Lake Murray, Fly River.

civilised peoples. New Guinea, although within the Tropics, is subject to great extremes of climate. In the west are the Snow Mountains where Dr. Wollaston discovered a tribe of pygmies; but on the great range of mountains throughout the whole island—roughly speaking, from the north-west to the south-east—an extremely inclement climate prevails, with bitterly cold winds at night. On the low-lying coastal areas ordinary tropical conditions prevail; but it is difficult to find words to express the muggy uniform heat of the delta regions in the west of British New Guinea, where people are condemned to live in



MOTUAN MAN, CENTRAL DIVISION.



MOTUAN GIRL, PORT MORESBY

letterless peoples. There is reason to believe that New Guinea was very early inhabited by a short, spiral or "woolly" haired stock, with a dark brown skin and very broad noses. A yet shorter variety of this main stock, the primitive pygmy element, exists in a relatively pure condition in but very few spots; and there are also varieties, mainly in certain coastal regions, which are taller than the great mass of interior natives. We may conveniently group the short and taller varieties together as Papuans. They speak a large number of distinct languages, few of which appear to be in any way related to one another; these are termed "Papuan" by S. H. Ray, the recognised authority on the subject.

On the other hand, at numerous places along the coast and sometimes extending some distance into the interior are other peoples, who speak languages which are akin to those spoken in Melanesia, to the east. These languages belong to the great Austric family of languages which is still spoken in parts of northern India, by the Khasis of Assam, in large parts of south-eastern Asia, and throughout Indonesia and Polynesia. The Melanesian-speaking peoples of New Guinea are often lighter in colour than the Papuans, and usually have broader heads, and their hair is apt—at all events in places—to be variable in form; indeed, in one village one may see every variation from woolly to wavy. In many other ways these people differ from the Papuans, and it is now universally admitted that there have been several migrations to the north-eastern and south-eastern coastal areas of New Guinea from Melanesia. Similarly, there have been influences, mainly cultural, that have spread from Indonesia and modified the indigenous culture of north-western New Guinea.

We must now restrict our attention to British New Guinea—or Papua, as it is now officially termed, though that name properly applies to the whole island. On looking at a map it will be seen that there is a long south-easterly peninsula; to the west of this is the country north of the Gulf of Papua, into the westerly part of which flows the great Fly River.

Eighteen months ago Captain Frank Hurley conducted an expedition to various places within the area just defined. For the first time aircraft were employed in New Guinea, and the members of the expedition flew from Port Moresby to the Fly River in two seaplanes; the publication of this interesting experiment will prove of great interest, as it opens out further possibilities, though it was found that the seaplanes employed were not wholly fitted for tropical conditions. One can well imagine the surprise and fright of unsophisticated savages when they saw a great noisy monster appearing from the sky and alighting upon their land. In 1888 I obtained a legend of a gigantic bird which was hatched from an egg by a woman who had eaten her seed ear-ornaments; the man-bird was able to catch dugong. Some of the early explorers of the Fly River doubtless heard of the local story, and accounts appeared in Australian papers of a marvellous bird which measured 22ft. between the tips of its wings, the flapping of which was compared with the noise made by a steam-engine, and it was said by natives to be often seen to carry a dugong into the air. D'Albertis ascertained that the real element in the story was the hornbill, for when several birds fly together the sound their wings make "resembles the noise of a steam-engine." If the local natives knew the old legend which was rife not very far off, they would think that there was something after all in what their fathers had told them. One result of the expedition was the taking of a large number of wonderful cinematograph films and most excellent photographs, some of which are here given. A large number of ethnographical specimens were collected, which were presented to the Australian Museum, Sydney.

Two illustrations are here shown of the Papuan type. One from Lake Murray, Fly River, gives a fair idea of a western Papuan with a prominent, more or less curved nose; this feature has often given rise to the wild supposition that there is a "Jewish" element in the population, and, indeed, that here is to be found one of the lost tribes of



WOMEN OF THE SAMBIO TRIBE, LAKE MURRAY. FLY RIVER.



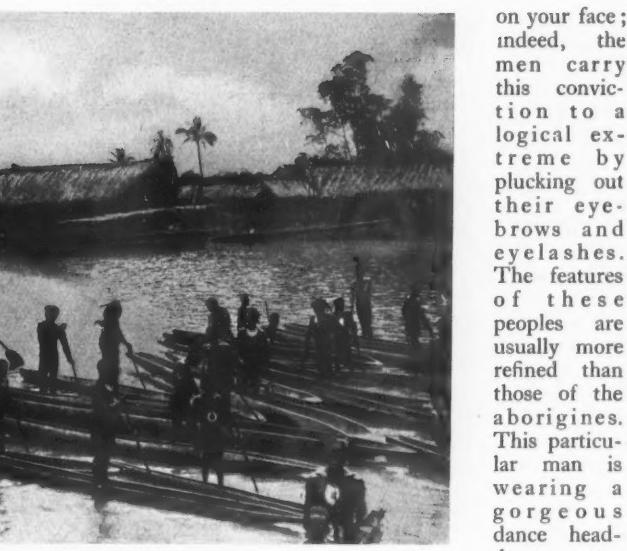
A GROUP OF WOMEN AT LAKE MURRAY, FLY RIVER
MOST OF WHOM ARE IN MOURNING COSTUME.

Israel! loose the never c send to pl in ho dark s woolly a d w broad have bee posed up very dif Palesti type in short p of some years; b we ours as well many o peoples, been cre with b descend of the los tribes, we dismiss t also shov head and The win cassowary the north is wearin passed th be a sorcer natives, a sickness Motuan, grant gro on the fa saying, c

A COM

Israel! These loose thinkers never condone to exemplify in how the dark skin, woolly hair and very broad nose have been imposed upon a very different Palestinian type in the short period of some 2,644 years; but as we ourselves, as well as many other peoples, have been credited with being descendants of the lost ten tribes, we can

dismiss these vagaries of ill-informed imagination. The portrait also shows the common custom of shaving the fore part of the head and the plaiting of the hair with fibre in separate strands. The wing of the nose is perforated, and there are rings of cassowary quills in the ear. The other, an "Orokaiva" from the north coast of Papua, is of a somewhat similar type. He is wearing a remarkable headdress, and a shell ornament is passed through the septum of his nose. This man is said to be a sorcerer, a class of men who trade upon the credulity of the natives, as they are believed to possess occult powers, to induce sickness and to cause death. The third portrait is that of a Motuan, an example of one of the Melanesian-speaking immigrant groups. These peoples have, normally, only a few hairs on the face, and they look down upon the hairy-faced Papuans, saying, quite correctly, that it is like a dog to have hair



KEREWA VILLAGE, GOARIBARI ISLAND.

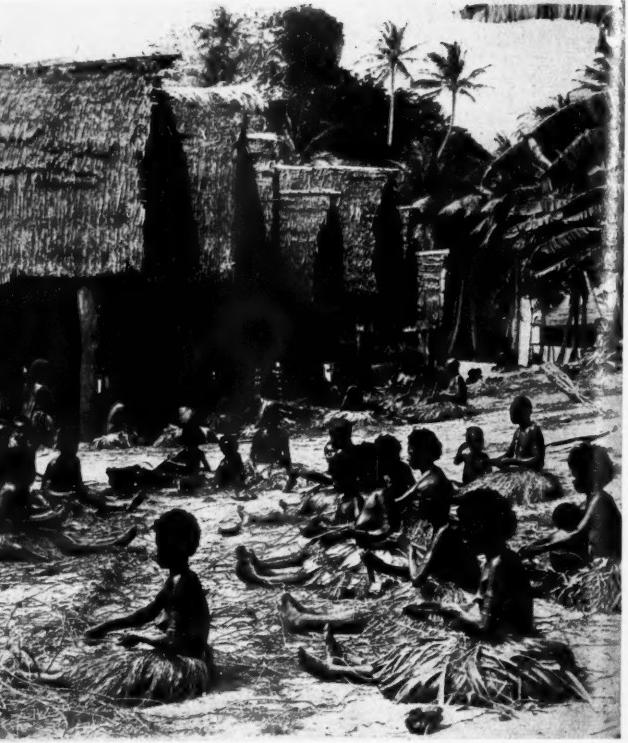
other feathers, margined by the orange-coloured plumes of the common bird of paradise. He has also bedecked himself with a very large crescentic pearl-shell ornament and a valuable necklace of dogs' eye-teeth. The Motuan girl, probably from Port Moresby, shows the hair combed out to make the frizzy mop that is so characteristic of that part of the world; she also has a pearl-shell crescent, and a necklace of the black seeds of the wild banana. Doubtless, she was tattooed, but these marks do not show in the illustrations. In the case of a girl who has been well looked after by her mother, there is scarcely a square inch of her person which is not thus decorated. On the other hand, on the dark skins of the western Papuans tattooing does not show up, so they frequently scarify designs on their skin, and even make raised scars. Two illustrations of women of Lake Murray depict

A COMMUNAL HOUSE, 600FT. LONG, SAID TO BE INHABITED BY TWO DISTINCT GROUPS OF PEOPLE,
BAMU RIVER.

a Western Papuan type. In one illustration two women are in full mourning costume, wearing a fringed cap and shredded leaves crossed over the chest and tucked under a belt; the third is evidently in half-mourning. The other illustration shows a group of the same women, most of whom are in mourning costume.

Two of our illustrations are photographs of the sea-front and the back of the prosperous village on Mailu (Toulon Island) in Amazon Bay, near the end of the south coast of the peninsula. These and the neighbouring people have long been under the wise guidance of the Rev. W. J. V. Saville of the London Missionary Society, and they have been carefully studied by Dr. B. Malinowski ("Transactions of the Royal Society, South Australia," xxxix, 1915, pages 494-706). The village consists of a single long street and is composed of family houses, as occurs all over the peninsula; and, like practically all New Guinea houses, they are built on piles. One view shows the women of the village busily engaged in preparing ropes for the rigging of the canoes; these are lengths of rattan or lawyer cane, which are first soaked in water to render them pliable and then the irregularities are scraped off with a shell. When I visited Mailu in 1914 the women were engaged in pottery making. The pots are made by a coiling process, the clay being rolled into long strips and then laid on in a spiral; this method is characteristic of the south-east end of British New Guinea, the Motuans having a different technique. The women do not eat anything from the moment they begin their work until the time when the firing is finished.

The Mailu are noted for their excellent double canoes, several of which are seen in the illustration. The canoes are connected, some distance apart, by means of poles, on which a platform is built; one dug-out is larger than the other, and as the smaller bears the same name as the float of a single outrigger canoe, it is reasonable to suppose that the float is in reality the degraded smaller dug-out of a double canoe. Each dug-out



WOMEN OF THE MAILU ISLAND, PAPUA.

has a raised plank gunwale and a carved board at each end; the carving suggests a human face, but the natives do not endorse this interpretation. The mast is placed on the larger dug-out, and it will be seen that the roots of the tree from which it has been made have been partially preserved to act as a step. The canoes are provided with large picturesque sails shaped like a crab's claw (as may be seen on Papuan postage stamps). The natives make great trading voyages in these canoes. They had to import material for making canoes and houses, weapons, etc., and also pigs, as they had none on the island, nor could they rear them. A pig is an extremely important animal in all the social and ceremonial life of the New Guinea folk. They bartered shell ornaments and pottery for these, and they also played the part of middlemen for the peoples east and west of them.

The two remaining illustrations show a very different condition. Here we see the long communal houses of the west, in one case of the village Kerewa on Goaribari Island, Delta Division; the large house here shown is 600ft. in length. These people have simple dug-out canoes which are pointed in front, and the end is cut square so that it looks like a cheese-scoop. The water can enter freely, and when there is too much in the canoe it is kicked out by the paddler; often a lump of clay is placed in the end to keep out the water.

As the canoes have a round bottom they are very crank, but the natives exhibit great skill in managing them. Some canoes will hold a dozen men; they stand up when paddling, and they can go faster than any ordinary steam-launch. In their long houses, called *aubu daima*, are numbers of shrines consisting of a carved and painted board, which represents an ancestor; in front of this is a shelf on which, attached by loops to the figure, are numerous skulls of enemies who have been killed and eaten. The skulls are often supplied with clay faces and are decorated in a fantastic manner. I counted over fifty skulls on one shrine in Dopima, another village on the island (cf. "Man," xviii, 1918, page 177). In



DOUBLE CANOES ON THE BEACH AT MAILU.

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March 1st, 1924.

one long house over 700 skulls have been counted, and 400 in another, and it is estimated that there were 10,000 skulls in the twenty houses that were burnt after the massacre of the Rev. James Chalmers and his colleague, O. F. Tomkins, in 1901, at Dopima. Whenever a new *dubu daima* or war canoe is built it is necessary to offer a victim, who is raided from the hinterland of the mainland.

Finally, we have an illustration of a house 600ft. long on the Bamu River, which lies immediately to the east of the Lower Fy. Captain Hurley states that this house is occupied by

two weak friendly "tribes" who have combined to build one dwelling as a protection against their more powerful cannibal neighbours, though, doubtless, they also are cannibals if they get the chance. He says that these two "tribes" cannot converse with one another—which is very remarkable, if true. They dwell in their respective halves of the house, which has a central doorway. The two groups kept apart except when they were fighting their common enemies. The illustration also shows a flight of sea fowl, with which the swamps abound.

Our illustrations are from copyright photographs by Capt. Frank Hurley.

THE CARLTON GRANGE FLOCK OF SUFFOLK SHEEP



PART OF THE FLOCK.

Ewes and the earliest lambs (about one hundred and forty ewes and one hundred and ninety lambs) running in a paddock.

THE frequency with which Suffolk sheep have become supreme champions at the Smithfield Shows, the extent of the breed's displays at the Royal Shows, at which they have often outnumbered other breeds, the striking displays they have made at the Highland and other shows all over the country in late years, and their notable successes in the wool competitions, are happenings which have set many farmers thinking. The outcome is reflected in the excellent prices which have been commanded for years past for breeding stock. There is abundant testimony of the worth of Suffolk sheep—not only to the pure breeder, but likewise the owner of commercial flocks—in the extraordinary demand for rams at last year's summer and autumn sales held under the auspices of the Suffolk Sheep Society. So far from abating, this demand is likely to be as keen, if not keener, this year. Herein lies the likely danger which must be avoided—it is the temptation of breeders to rear for breeding purposes too many of their ram lambs. When breeders of sheep of all descriptions in practically every part of Great Britain, nay, the British Isles—there are many pure flocks of Suffolks established in Ireland—are cross-breeding with Suffolk rams, it may well be presumed that something more than a passing fashion has tempted them to invest in the native sheep of a county which has more than one breed of its very own. The fame of the black-faced sheep of Suffolk has been built upon a solid foundation. It rests on the many qualities of the breed, chief among which is the excellence of the mutton, a fact which has been repeatedly demonstrated in the block tests at the Smithfield Shows.

While it is true that Suffolk sheep are prominent as mutton makers, are hardy, and good breeders, their utility in these and other respects would have gained but little publicity except for the enterprise of those who have, by their active help not only in the show-yard, but out of it, produced positive evidence that the Suffolk breed of sheep is entitled to all those eulogistic comments which have been bestowed upon it lately. The formation by the late Sir Ernest Cassel in 1913 of a flock of

Suffolk sheep on his Carlton Grange farms in East Cambridgeshire meant the forging of another link in the history of Suffolk sheep. Time will prove that his flock, not to mention others started subsequently by him on his other estates, and all under the skilful management of his agent, Mr. W. Boggis, have been no unimportant factor in connection with the great advance associated with the breed in the last decade. East Cambridgeshire has for many years possessed a number of the finest flocks of Suffolk sheep, and some of its flock masters are descendants of several of those who took their part in forming the Suffolk Sheep Society. The late Sir Ernest Cassel's Carlton Grange flock has lately been carrying everything before it. To have twice in the last three years won the trophy for the best sheep at Smithfield as well as to be reserve on the other occasion is in itself concrete proof of the high character of the Carlton Grange Suffolk sheep and of the able way in which the flock has been carried on in the eleven years since it came into being. This description of the flock is hardly likely to be questioned when it is mentioned that the foundation stock comprised sheep bred by Mr. Herbert E. Smith of Walton, Felixstowe, a flock master with a big record of champion wins with Suffolks at Smithfield. The other strains acquired in the starting of the flock were of sheep bred by the late Mr. Martin Slater of Weston Colville, the late Mr. Sam Slater's



SMELLING THE STRANGE OBJECT.

March 1st, 1924.



PART OF THE LAMBING YARD.
Ewes with lambs three or four days old.



FRESHLY TURNED OUT.



EWE HOGGETS (180): THE BEST OF THE EWE LAMBS OF THE 1923 FALL.
About sixty of these will be selected and added to the "present flock," the remainder sold at Newmarket August sales.



AN EWE WITH THREE LAMBS, WHICH SHE IS BRINGING UP WITHOUT ASSISTANCE.

executors, the late Mr. J. C. Dawson, and the late Mr. T. Goodchild, all of whose flocks are still being carried on in Cambridgeshire, Suffolk and Essex by their descendants. Other stock obtained for the Carlton flock were selected from sheep bred by Mr. F. W. Cobbe of Newmarket, and the late Lord Rendlesham, whose Suffolks were reared on the poor soils of East Suffolk.

The Carlton Grange farms of 1,200 acres, where the flock is kept, is of heavy mixed and light soil. It has never numbered less than 300 ewes, and, as is usual with Suffolk sheep, the yearly average of lambs has been just under thirty to the score—this year's figures work out at twenty-eight to the score ewes. Beyond all doubt, this flock has proved that Suffolks are highly suitable for arable farming; but what is of the utmost importance is, as events have shown at Carlton Grange, that Suffolk sheep can be relied upon for high fecundity. The ewes are excellent mothers, and the lambs come to early maturity. This is well illustrated by the weight of wether lambs born in January, which have been sold off the farms at the end of August to weigh 80lb. each (carcass or dead weight). As disclosed by the reports of the butchers, who have from time to time bought Suffolk sheep at the Smithfield Show, this breed possesses a carcass of exceptional flesh with no waste of fat. This quality finds substantial testimony in the description of the champion sheep at Smithfield last Christmas by the butcher who purchased them.

Without attempting to enumerate the many show-yard successes which have fallen to the late owner of this flock, it should suffice to say that, besides being champions over all breeds at Smithfield in 1921 and 1923 and reserve champions in 1922, the breed cup was also won by the Carlton flock at each of the last four shows there. Carlton Grange sheep were also champions at the last Norwich Christmas Show. At the Royal Show at Newcastle last year the best of the single rams and the two leading pens of three ewe and three ram lambs respectively were drawn from the Carlton Grange flock, which likewise obtained the second prize in the single ram lamb class. This was a very notable performance for one flock. For the last four years the prize for the best ten shearling ewes at the Newmarket breed sales have gone to sheep from this flock, and similar successes at the same sales were gained in three out of the last four years in respect of the best group of three ram lambs.

It can well be a matter of pride to those responsible for the management and conduct of the Carlton Grange flock to know that it has produced both lambs and mature sheep good enough to beat all breeds at Smithfield. It was in 1921 that the late Sir Ernest Cassel was champion with ten months old lambs, while last year his flock was represented by twenty-two months old wethers to take the leading place in the

show. These successes are worth recording not only as a meritorious achievement in respect of this flock, but as additional proof of the value of Suffolks for the block at all ages. The Carlton Grange sheep are bred on lines which cannot fail to bring out to the best advantage the inherent qualities of the breed; the ewes have large frames, are short in the leg and good in the wool. The lambing season, which lasted between five and six weeks, practically came to an end on February 10th, with a loss of only one lamb since leaving the lambing pens—a record upon which both Mr. Boggis and the shepherd, H. Heath, may be congratulated. Lambing always takes place in the fields in a specially constructed yard around which are erected roomy pens. Before lambing, the ewes feed on white turnips and marrow kale, running out on grass daily; while after lambing they are turned on to swedes and thousand-headed kale. Although all through the greater part of the lambing period this year the weather conditions were very trying, the crop of lambs has proved excellent, and they are exceptionally healthy, are strong, of good colour and true to type. Only four ewes were lost. The lambs are by six sires, one a ram lamb from Mr. Herbert E. Smith, which cost 105 guineas; and another from the Messrs. Eagle of Walton-on-the-Naze, which was bought at the cost of 100 guineas. A shearling ram and a two-shear ram, the former from Mr. Herbert Smith, were used because of their proved worth as stock getters. One of the six sires was Babraham Standard Bearer, which was by a 200-guinea ram bred by Mr. D. Abbot Green.

It is easy to see that the success of the flock is connected with the excellent understanding and community of interest between employer and employed. The shepherd, a man who lives with his sheep in the truest sense of the word, has lived among them night and day for over six weeks without once having divested himself of his clothes. With one whose only ambition is the success of his flock, it is not surprising that he has attained such good results as the lambing records indicate. To what extent the shepherd knows his sheep is illustrated by his knowing not only every ewe a year old, but from the fact that he can tell the mother of each one. The shepherd, though a convert to Suffolk sheep, which first came under his charge at Carlton Grange eleven years ago, declares that he would refuse to take charge of any other breed, so easy to handle are the Suffolks.

C. W. R.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

THE HORSE SHOWS.

HIGHER quality and a slight decrease in the number of entries are the feature of the Shire Horse Show which opened on Tuesday. Those who manage the show have evidently come to the conclusion that the immediate future of the breed lies in utility more than in show victories. This gives the clue to the interesting tests of strength and endurance which have been added to the other attractions of the exhibition. When prosperity returns to something like its old standard, no doubt pride in our greatest domestic



AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS HANDLING THE LAMBS.

animal will lead again to the four-figure prices which became so frequent just after war ended, but in the meantime the breeder will be well advised to look out for good geldings. They command an excellent price for animals of their class and the demand for them is growing in our large towns. All the same, it would be a great mistake not to keep the very highest class of sire and dam, as, even now, the prices realised for their offspring are far beyond what is given for good working geldings. That this policy is being adopted must have been apparent to any visitor who is a judge of Shires. Even a preliminary glance at the classes for colts and fillies was enough to show that breeding is being carried on with skill and success. There will be no lack of fine animals in the future to succeed those which are now growing old. The disposition of the entries for the show in regard to stallions was, one year, 38; two years, 30; three years, 29; four years, 22; over four and under ten years, under 16h. 2ins., 11; and over four and under ten years, 16h. 2ins., and over, 24. Mares—two years old, 27; three years, 21; four years, 15; over four years, under 16h., 13; over four years, 16h. and under 16h. 2ins., 19; and over four years, 16h. 2ins. and over, 27. In addition, there were 37 entries for the year old class for fillies; of geldings there were 9 two year olds; 21 three year olds, 6 four year olds and 17 five year olds and upwards.

PEDIGREE CATTLE SALES.

February and March are months in which shorthorn sales and shows take place to a considerable extent, especially in Perth, Aberdeen and the other well known northern centres. The trade in shorthorns has unmistakably taken a turn for the better. A writer on pedigree sales in the *North British Agriculturist* has collected figures which go to prove this. At the two great annual sales at Perth and Aberdeen, Edinburgh being included as it embraced selections of the Perth entry,

646 head of shorthorns brought an increase of £13 per head compared with the corresponding sales last year. The total turnover for shorthorns was £47,519 1s. this year as compared with £53,113 4s. last year. At Perth the average per head was £100 2s. 5d. as compared with £71 19s. 1d. in 1923, and in Aberdeen it was £41 1s. 3d. compared with £39 8s. 9d. For Aberdeen-Angus the Perth average in the sales that have taken place so far is £59 9s. 3d. compared with £57 3s. 4d. in 1923, and in Aberdeen it was £35 1s. 11d. compared with £37 14s. 5d., and in Edinburgh £49 5s. 6d. These are very good figures when it is taken into account that sales have been hampered to an enormous extent by regulations that had to be observed owing to foot-and-mouth disease.

SOUTHDOWN SHEEP FLOCK COMPETITION.

The oldest breed of down sheep in Great Britain, the Southdowns, is also one of the most progressive, and in their flock competition last year they had the record number of thirty-six entries, comprising most of the well known flocks. In the class for flocks of 350 breeding ewes or over pride of place fell to the Bartlow flock of the Rev. C. H. Brocklebank, with Mr. L. G. Bonham-Carter second and His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., third, and three more typical flocks in the breed it would be hard to find. For flocks of over 150 and under 350 ewes the old-established flock No. 191 of Mr. John Langmead led from Mr. George Bayley, the third card falling to Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bt. It is worthy of note that Mr. Langmead scored 191 points out of 200. In the section for smaller flocks, those of under 150 ewes, Mr. C. F. Falkner of Farnham secured premier honours, the runner-up being Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and third Mr. W. W. Smith. The competing flocks were spread over a very wide area, nine counties being represented..

WHOOPERS ON THE BROADS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MISS E. L. TURNER.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHING whooper swans from a rowing boat in an icy wind is an exciting sport, and means a reckless waste of plates. The first thing is to locate the swans, and then row to windward and bear down upon them. They must rise into the wind, and this first rise is sometimes your only chance of getting a photograph that counts. Possibly the birds may wheel back again; but when once on the wing, they go down the wind with all possible speed, and are a mile away while one's frozen fingers are fumbling with the camera. Then the chase begins all over again. Usually, at the supreme moment an extra gust of wind hits the boat with fiendish malice and upsets the photographer's balance. Much, too, depends upon the skill of the boatman, who must be one with the photographer and manœuvre the boat so that the swans as they pass are headed away from the sun. Only on two occasions could we get within two hundred yards of them, for the moment a boat is in sight up go their heads, the birds fall into line, and are poised, ready to rise at any moment. They get up more quickly than do mute swans, being lighter

in build and much more buoyant. They make no wing-music—that Aeolian harp sound which heralds a flock of mute swans and can be heard half a mile off over the water. But each bird as it rises utters a note of defiance, a mellow "Who, who." When thirty or forty whoopers call together, the varying tones mingling in harmony resemble the music of a pack of hounds in full cry.

On sunny days the swans look dazzlingly white against the blue water. So they do against the sky, up to a certain point, when they suddenly melt into the blue and are practically invisible. Against the light the long alignment shows up black and is sharply outlined. On some days I was only able to make one or two successful exposures, because the whole flock—some fifty strong—rose and flew steadily out to sea and did not return until after sunset.

During this last spell of frost and snow the Broad has been frozen all over, with the exception of one or two unapproachable wakes. February 13th was the coldest day of this cold winter. A bitter east wind with an edge like a knife, raged all day and

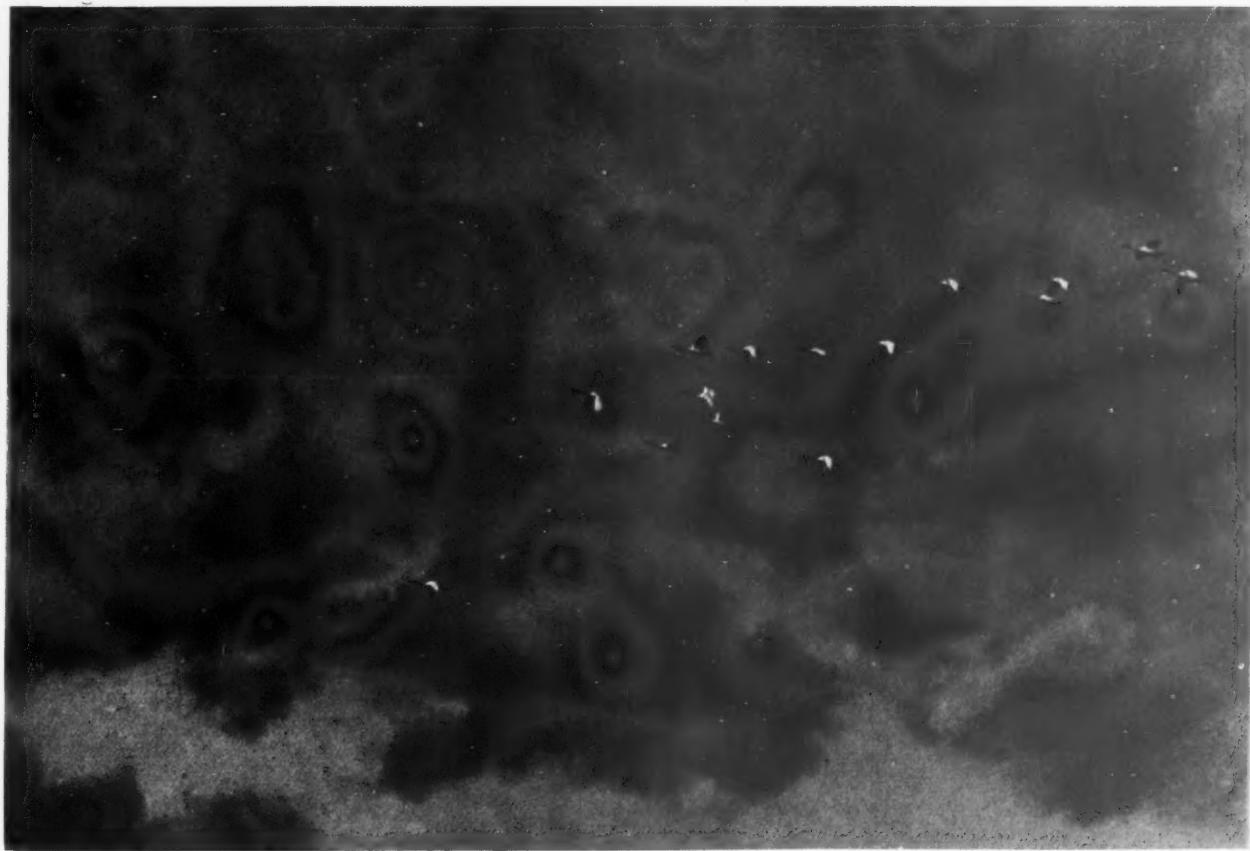
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TAKEN IN RAIN.



WILD WEATHER.



GETTING UNDER WAY: ONE MUTE SWAN ON THE WATER.



DAZZLINGLY WHITE.

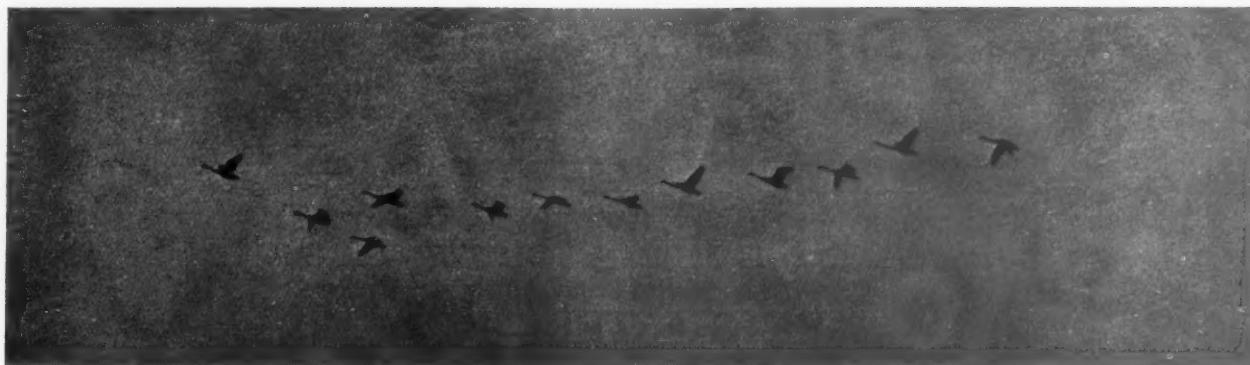


GOING OUT TO SEA.

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THE LONG ALIGNMENT IS SHARPLY OUTLINED.

quickly "laid the Broad," as they say here. The whoopers stood under the lee of a reed bed, far out, and packs of coots mingled with them. One day I tried to approach them from the land, for they made a wonderful picture; black and white, against the grey ice. Snow fell steadily and soon covered the ice with a white blanket. The black coots were sharply silhouetted against the snow; but the swans were hardly visible. The open marshes provided no cover for me, and as soon as I hove in sight the coots walked steadily away in that slow, provoking way they have if you want to get near them. The swans rose in a mass—giant snow flakes which, mingling with the eddying swirl, were quickly enveloped in it. There was no following them on the ice, because the water had dropped several inches and was still falling.

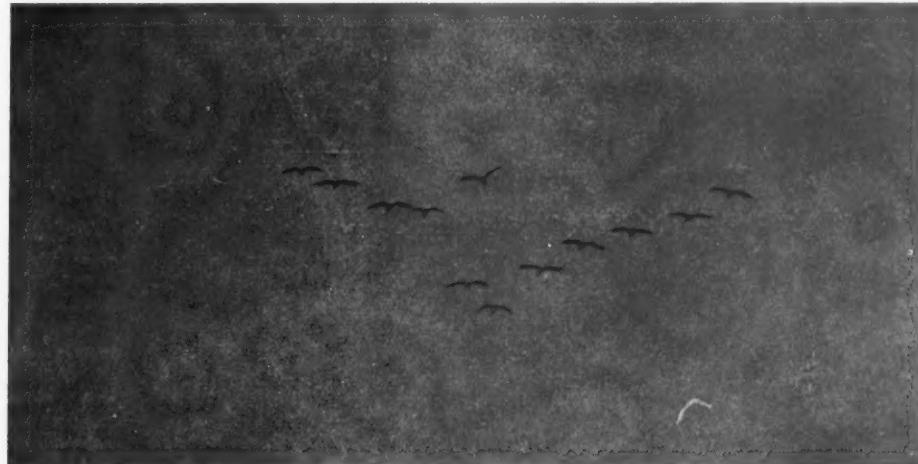
Wild swans do not associate very much with the mute swans, especially if, as has been the case for some weeks past, the number of whoopers has been considerable. After all, what have they in common with their mute, pampered relatives, these wild visitants from far-off northern climes? What do the birds of our quiet inland waters know of the fear which drives whoopers and Bewick's south and forces them to undertake the perils of migration?

In open weather the whoopers feed on the marshes part of the day, but at night they resort to the Broad. From dusk till about 1 a.m. their cries are continuous; mingled with the chatter of mallard and teal, and the hoarse clamour of geese. The night is alive with sharp metallic sounds like the clanking of steel upon armour. But the whooper's call is mellow and flute-like; their notes vary from the rather high-pitched "who" to a low drawn out "who-o-o-o-who." This little collection of notes

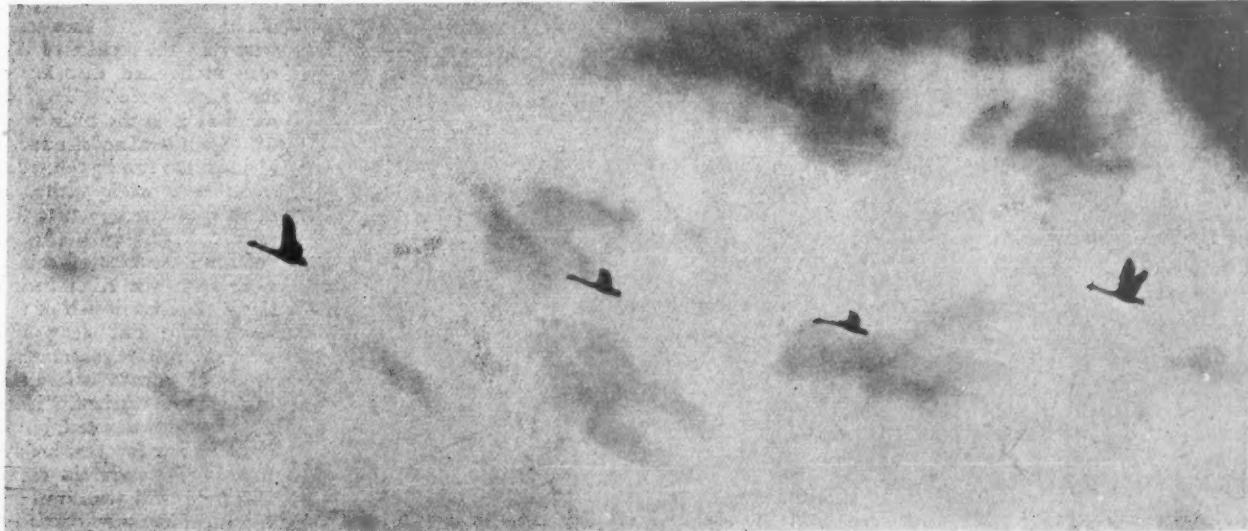
seems to be conversational; it is kept up while the birds are feeding at night.

It had always been one of my ambitions to see a flock of swans pass across the face of the moon. I was standing outside my cabin door about 6 p.m. on January 20th watching the sky and listening to the silence. Suddenly I heard a far-away cry

as if all the hounds of heaven were hunting down the wind. The moon had not long risen, and a thin transparent cloud hung before it. Nearer and nearer came the deep baying of whoopers; and then suddenly a thin black wedge touched the fringe of the cloud, and the whole flock of fifty-four passed in strict formation across the moon, each bird keeping station. They were flying slowly, their goal in sight. In a few moments I heard the splash and swirl of the water as they alighted on it.



IN V FORMATION.



AGAINST A RAINY SKY.

The flight of birds, the pattern, as it were, which the arrangement of their squadrons makes seen against the sky, has always been a matter of interest and of speculation as to how their relative positions are decided and how maintained. These photographs show clearly how well the distance between individuals is preserved in the case of the whooper swan.



Houses of English Country Towns ROCHESTER—I.

THE earliest Rochester dwelling of which the fabric remains is the Keep. But even this twelfth century edifice comes late in the history of the city as a place of human habitation. "By the Britons it was named Dowbryf, which signifies 'a swift stream' in allusion to the rapidity of the river Medway which runs by it" is the view of its eighteenth century historian; and there can be little doubt that there was an entrenched Celtic settlement on Boley Hill, the last and somewhat isolated elevation of the ridge that runs along the right bank of the river before coming to the flats where the Romans, choosing a section well above high-tide mark, placed their walled town. The river, narrowing

for a moment where Rochester faces Strood, then takes a sharp eastward turn, and it was along the south bank of this reach that lay the marshland beyond which ran the Roman way from London to Dover, carried by a bridge over the narrowest point of the river. Here was the west wall of the oblong enclosure, which the lie of land and water forced out of the regulation rectangle; 450yds. lay between the west and east gates, the strip of the Watling Street that connected them taking much the same course as the present High Street. A cross road, from a northern postern opening on to the marsh, after a run of 150yds., ended to the south at the foot of Boley Hill. On the left of its southern section the Normans afterwards built their cathedral; on the right, their castle. By the Saxons, however, this roadway had been obstructed or diverted. The foundations of the first cathedral, built in A.D. 604 by King Æthelbert, have been traced, and the whole edifice, except the eastern apse, lay west of its successor and across the direct line between the northern and southern Roman *porta*. Thus, what was devised by the Romans as an essentially military post became an ecclesiastical centre, and its church history grew to be of greater importance than its civil and military annals, although the strategic value that appealed to the Romans was also fully recognised in mediæval times.

That we can easily see by a glance at the conjectural model of the mediæval town kept at the Eastgate House Museum, and now reproduced (Fig. 5). East and west runs the section of the road to London that forms the High Street. To the north of it is the main area of the citizens' houses, divided into two by the cross street that ends with the north gate opening on to the marsh. The wall of the cathedral precincts comes right up to the High Street along the eastern half of the south side; but along the western half lies another group of houses before the castle area is reached. Here the ground is elevated, but it sinks again to form the hollow that lies between the castle and Boley Hill around which the fortifications continue. Thus the castle area dominated the town, was open on one side to the river, and was defensible against the existing modes of attack. The



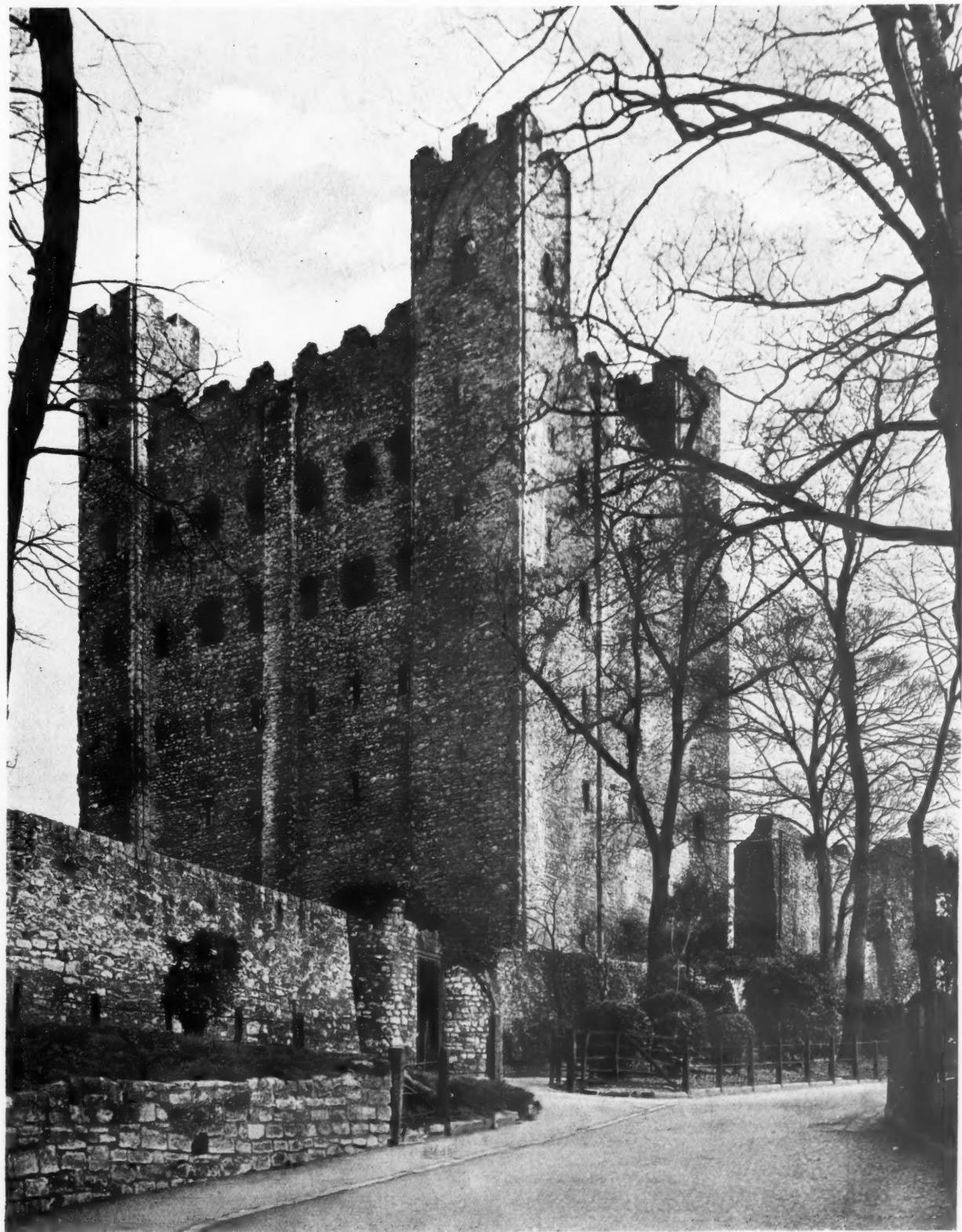
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1.—THE NORMAN KEEP, FROM THE NORTH-WEST "COUNTRY LIFE."
The forebuilding is seen on the north side.

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COUNTRY LIFE.

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2.—THE NORMAN KEEP, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE SECOND, OR STATE, FLOOR OF THE NORMAN KEEP.

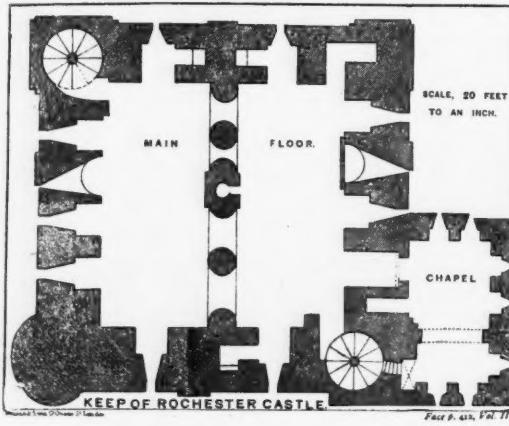
"COUNTRY LIFE."

The doorway to the well shaft is seen between the pairs of arches.

Conqueror found the site belonging to the bishop, exchanged it for other land, and established some sort of a castle, as noted by the Domesday Surveyors in 1086. This may have been the work of Gundulph, a monk of Bec who had accompanied Lanfranc to England, became his proctor at Canterbury, and was given the Rochester see in 1077. He changed the ecclesiastical foundation from the Saxon system of secular canons to one of Benedictine monks under a prior. He built a new church and monastic buildings, and "Gundulph's Tower" stands to this day incorporated into the north side of the present cathedral. But, although his expertise in the military architecture of his age brought him the Conqueror's command to build the Tower of London, the Norman Keep at Rochester is not his work, but that of William de Corbeil, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1123, and who, being granted by Henry I the castle site of Rochester and whatever was on it in 1126, proceeded to build an "egregiam turrim," no doubt the existing keep, which in its general form and details resembles the other leading twelfth century keeps, such as those of Dover, Hedingham and Rising. All are massive quadrangular towers of three to five floors, and having, set against one side, a lower building containing a carefully defended flight of broad steps leading to an antechamber or *vestibulum* giving access to the first floor of the main building. All of which we have seen in good preservation at Dover (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LI, p. 700). At Rochester the stairway portion is in ruins, but the *vestibulum*, with a chapel over it, survives (Fig. 1). The main building (Fig. 2) forms a square of 70ft. exterior measure, the walls being 12ft. thick, and in the thickness of the upper floors are various chambers, window recesses and galleries. The ground floor is a darksome region, reached

only by descending from the first floor by means of a newel stair occupying the corner near the *vestibulum*, and from which ascent may also be made to the roof of the keep, the whole height of which is 113ft. to the coping of the battlements. The interior space on each floor is divided into two by a thick cross wall, leaving two rooms 46ft. long and a little over 20ft. wide. On the second, or state, floor (Fig. 4), however, the cross wall is pierced with four arches (Fig. 3), and, although a stone screen, about 10ft. high, ran across each archway, the upper part was open. Moreover, a mural gallery ran round half way up the double storey height of 32ft., and had thirteen arched openings looking down into this grand double hall or place of assembly for the inhabitants of the castle, where the top floor would provide the solar and chamber of the principal personages. The general treatment is plainer than at Dover, Hedingham and Rising, ornament being almost entirely restricted to the chevron moulding of the arches of the hall of state and the rooms above (Fig. 6), including the arches of the fireplaces situated in the north and south walls. They are semicircular in form and have a conical tunnel to take the smoke through the wall thickness and out by apertures 12ft. above the hearth. A favouring wind could alone promote the exit of the smoke; but the advantages of a perpendicular shaft were evidently not understood by the designer for this purpose, although he constructed one from top to bottom of the keep for the well situated in the central wall. A doorway permitted the bucket to serve each floor, and that on the hall floor appears in the illustration.

The compact, superposed and ill-lighted character of these keeps was against the free spirit which existed even in that age, and which

4.—THE PLAN OF THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE KEEP.
From "Clark's Mediæval Military Architecture."



A B

C D E

F

Copyright.**5.—MODEL OF ROCHESTER IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES.****"COUNTRY LIFE."**

A, Marshland between city and Medway; B, The north wall and gate; C, The west gate and the first section of the bridge across the Medway: the gate connects but is not lineable with the High Street, at the further end of which is seen the East Gate; D, The Castle, and to its left the Cathedral and its precincts stretching right up to the High Street; E, A hollow sloping to the water between the elevated ground of the Castle and Boley Hill (F).

submitted to such restrictions only under fear. When modes of defence were devised that allowed better accommodation, such keeps were no longer built, and where they existed they fell into disuse for residential purposes. The model of Rochester, illustrated above, shows how small a space the keep occupied in the general scheme of defence of the castle reached by the time of Henry III, when we know that the hall was a separate and gabled building. The chief entrances were then the water gate at the north end of the west side, and the gateway opening into the town, the sloping causeway thereof showing plainly in the model. Beyond it the well-walled cathedral precincts are seen to include the southern half of the old Roman crossway over which the Saxon church had spread. Gundulph's cathedral was so improved upon by his immediate successors that the late Sir Wm. St. John Hope held it to have been "practically rebuilt" by Bishops Ernulf and John between 1115 and 1137. Its west front was built to clear the run of the cross street into which a gate-house opened from the High Street. That remains in the form of a late mediæval archway with a much more recent superstructure. The illustration (Fig. 7) showing the peep through and the towering keep at the side is as picturesque as the composition (Fig. 8) when we emerge from it. A tea shop has a slightly bowed late eighteenth century shop front supported by an Early Tudor carved bressummer. The simple brick houses beyond are not without character. Again beyond, we see the buttressed and gabled end of St. Nicholas' Church and, lastly, projecting forward, the turrets of the Late Norman west end of the cathedral tempt us to advance and inspect its noble and richly carved portal.

South-west of the cathedral the mediæval bishops housed themselves in a special precinct. Perhaps Gundulph had an *aula* here and, two houses contrived within a long rectangular

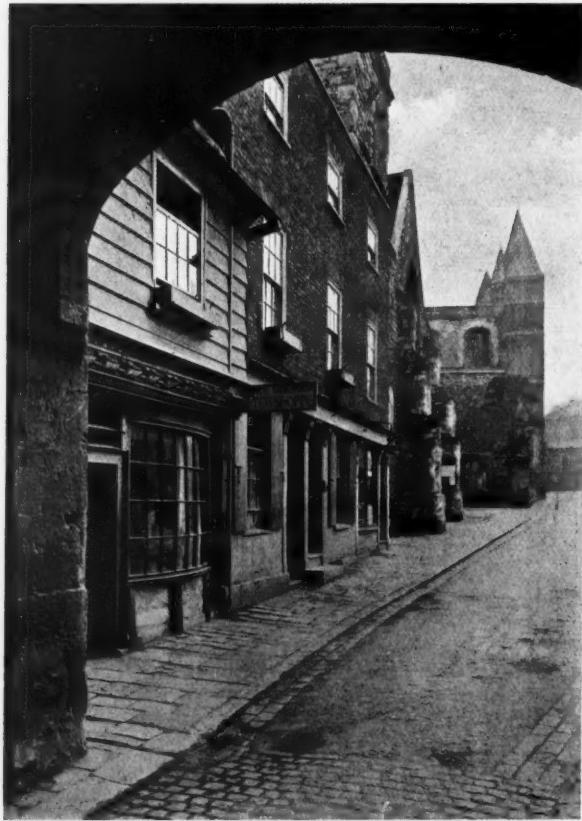
building are, probably, what represents the "new palace at Rochester" whence Bishop Lowe dated documents in 1459. In that year John Fisher was born. Distinguishing himself at Cambridge and becoming confessor to Margaret Beaufort, mother to Henry VII, he provided the inspiration and executive force for her educational foundations of Christ's College during

**6.—THE TOP FLOOR OF THE KEEP, SHOWING A FIRE ARCH.**



7.—THE ARCHWAY TO THE CATHEDRAL PRECINCTS.

her lifetime and of St. John's College after her death. The former was begun in 1505, and a year earlier the See of Rochester was given to Fisher "for his grete and singular virtue." With Sir Thomas More he stands out among the opportunist throng that surrounded Henry VIII as a man of wholly upright character and of profound learning. He lived much at the Rochester Palace, attending to his duties, indulging in study and, when they passed through to and from London, entertaining ambassadors and other dignitaries. Here, in 1516, came Erasmus, and while relishing his intercourse with the good and scholarly bishop, he was not struck with the comfort of his home. Its defects lingered in his mind and, eight years after, he wrote



8.—SEEN THROUGH THE ARCHWAY OF THE PRECINCTS.

to say it was no wonder the bishop was unwell, for the library was surrounded with glass windows which let in air at every chink, and were very injurious to people in weak health; he—Erasmus—would be sick if he were to stay there three hours. A wainscoted room would be much better than brick and mortar walls, which exhale noxious vapours. But if this apartment was damp and draughty, it was none the less famed as "the noblest library in England, having two long galleries full of books sorted in stalls, and a register of the name of every book at the end of every stall," as Bailey, the bishop's biographer, informs us. It was not, however, the unhealthiness of his Rochester home, but his unbending conscience that undid the bishop. As an educationist he was a reformer, as a churchman, a conservative. He could not bring himself to go all the way with the King when the latter was transformed into an eager reformer in matters of church government by his desire to wed Anne Boleyn. So hostile was Fisher known to be to this match and to the divorce which must precede it, that when a man poisoned a vessel of yeast in the bishop's kitchen and caused the death of several of the household, it was whispered that Anne had instigated the crime. Unable to take all the new oaths that were required of him, the bishop, after long hesitation on the part of Henry VIII, was, like Sir



9.—EASTGATE HOUSE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Thomas More, brought to the block in 1535. His property was forfeited to the King's use, and an inventory of the goods in the Palace at Rochester was taken. In the hall there were hangings of old arras, two tables, four forms and six trestles. In the "Great Study" were a long spruce table and other tables, three leather chairs, eight round desks, and shelves for books. In the bishop's own chamber another leather chair and one small one, besides the bed, which had "a celer and tester of old red velvet nothing worth." Indeed, the inventory-takers formed a very poor opinion of the bishop's gear: and "divers old trash" is a frequent note. Was it this building or another within the close, and called the King's Palace, that saw a strange scene of Royal courtship five years after the bishop lost his head? The Protestant party, headed by Thomas Cromwell, have got the upper hand, and alliance with the Lutheran German princes is arranged and includes a match between King Henry and the daughter of one of them. Anne of Cleves, reaching Rochester on the way to London, is housed in the palace, and thither, in disguise, the King and several of his councillors privily betake themselves and "sodainly came to her presence, which therewith was sumwhat astoned." The expectation raised by a portrait of her, which Holbein had provided, fell to the ground. Exactly what happened does not

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appear. One account makes Henry discover himself to his bride, behave nicely to her and even remain with her till next day. Others aver that he turned tail and fled, being, as Stow tells us, "sore vexed with the sight of her." Anyhow, she was put aside, but, as a compensation, was endowed for life with many manors.

Bishops continued at the old palace until it was sold by Parliament in Commonwealth times. Part of it then became what it still is—two houses. The post-Restoration bishops had other and more engaging homes in the diocese, but before the end of the seventeenth century a house in Margaret Street came to them by the bequest of Francis Head "for the maintenance of hospitality near the cathedral church." Sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the nineteenth century, it has now been re-purchased by them to form a "Bishop's Court." A panelled upstairs room with a richly carved mantelpiece



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10.—THE GREAT CHAMBER AT EASTGATE HOUSE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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11.—THE SOUTH-EAST ROOM AT EASTGATE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

remains as proof of the age and dignity of Francis Head's bequest, but nearly all else, inside and out, was at various times modernised. There are, however, just outside the east gate, two houses that are much richer in original features. The one on the south side of the street was once a fine mansion in a large garden, but is now a set of dwellings with shops (Fig. 12). It still exhibits very satisfying timber construction with good detail. Carved oak bressummers and brackets support a double overhang, and the long horizontal lines of the front contrast well with the vertical note struck by the two-storeyed bay of the side. Its history has not been disclosed by local archaeologists; but rather more is known of the house on the other side of the street and running down towards the water's edge. Here, in the closing years of Elizabeth's reign, Sir Peter Buck, "Clerk of the Acts in the Navy Board," housed himself, rebuilding, partly in timber-framing, but more in brick, an older house, traces of the stonework of which are visible on the west and south sides.



Copyright. 12.—A TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSE OPPOSITE EASTGATE HOUSE. "C.L."



13.—THE GREAT CHAMBER CHIMNEYPiece AT EASTGATE HOUSE.

The north end and the water-side garden that lay before it are no longer as they were in Sir Peter's time, but the east front (Fig. 9) has suffered no material change beyond careful reparation. The newel stair projection has arched windows, which may imply that it is a survival from the days of Henry VIII, but the rest will be of Sir Peter's time. Its chief feature is the ample and, on the first floor, almost continuous fenestration of broad oak mullioned and transomed lights, the oak framing of the inter-fenestral portions being filled in with brick. Entering through the pedimented porch doorway, we find ourselves in an ample hall, with chimney-piece facing us, and, right of it, a wide doorway of solid moulded oak construction leads to a stairway that brings us to the Great Chamber over the hall. The unbroken range of lights (Fig. 10) gives it great cheerfulness, and it possesses a reserved but well designed oak chimney-piece (Fig. 13). Another, on the same lines but with caryatids in place of fluted columns dividing the panels, will be found in the room (Fig. 11) lying south of the Great Chamber. It possesses an enriched plaster ceiling where we find the arms of Sir Peter and his wife, both separately and as an impalement. Above and below this room are other chimney-pieces of like character, but not original to the house, for they were brought hither from the Red Lion Inn at neighbouring Frindsbury. It is fortunate that, through the energy of Mr. George Payne, its first director, whose death in 1920 is recorded on a tablet on the porch, Eastgate House became, a score of years ago, a museum. It possesses, among earlier and other exhibits, various pieces of appropriate furniture, and retains much of the spirit and appearance which the rooms possessed when it provided Royal lodging. Here it was that, when, in 1606, James I took his brother-in-law Christian IV, to see his navy at Chatham, the Danish king was lodged. We hear that the two sovereigns, with the Mayor of Rochester riding before them, were brought—

to the house of the Right Worshipfull Sir Peter Bucke, Knight, one of His Highnes' officers of the Navie; which house was the lodging of the King of Denmarke whom our King then left to his repose himself going to Bishop Barlow's house.

Buck was "clerk of the Acts" of the Navy Board and would habitually go by water to the dockyard. And, no doubt, it was to his garden steps that the Royal barge came to fetch away the two kings to Chatham, where the ships were decked out with "pendants, flagges

and streamers," and made so glorious a show as " might well amaze the minde of a man to thinke on being a friende, but terrifie the heart of the proudest enemie to see it."

Partly from proximity to the dockyard, but still more as a stopping place between London and Dover, Rochester often offered lodging and entertainment to illustrious visitors. The bishop's palace could still house James I as it had Cardinal Wolsey in 1527, when he was "right lovingly and kindly entertaigned" by Bishop Fisher. The cardinal was proceeding on an embassy to France with a suite that included a hundred noblemen and gentlemen, and he writes that "my trayne extendeth me to the nombere of one thousand horses," so that both Rochester and Strood were full of them. But under Elizabeth the Crown Inn is declared to be "the only place to intertwaine Princes coming thither," and here the Queen lay for four nights in 1573. Although lodged at the inn, the Queen is, on the last day of her stay, sumptuously entertained at the great house on Boley Hill, where dwelt "that charitable man, but withal most determined enemy to Rogues and Proctors, Mr. Richard Watts." When he died, seven years later, he left much for Rochester charitable foundations, and the city was so keenly interested in the proving of his will that its accounts show a disbursement of two shillings—

for a gallon of wine geven to Master Doctor Lewen at the probate of Mr. Watts his will of Bolley hill.

The City fathers had a great belief in alcoholic liquor provided at the citizens' expense; and when the Mayor and others of them attended the Admiralty Court at Sheerness they not only drank plentifully at dinner, but we find an item "for ower drinkinge at of comeinge to lande." They showed equal liberality when they entertained an important guest, such as Duke Casimir, son to the Elector of the Pale, when he came to England in 1580 as a suitor for Queen Elizabeth's hand. Mayor Harlowe's accounts of disbursements include 10s. 4d. for one gallon of sack and five of "gascoyne wine." Two "lambes" cost 9s. Oysters were to be had cheap at Gillingham, for only 8d. was—

payed for halfe a Boushell and one gallon of oysters geven to the said Ducke Cassimere

but it cost a shilling "for a horssier" to bring them. The duke, no doubt, halted for his oysters and Gascony wine at the Crown Inn, and here certainly Charles I stayed when he reviewed his ships at Chatham in 1631. But it was not a favourite abode of kings and princes under the Stuarts. We have seen the bishop's palace and Eastgate House used by James and Christian, and it was to another private house that Charles II came when on his way from exile to his capital in 1660. An account of "Restoration House," however, must be deferred till next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

BITTING

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

WE often hear the expression "There is a key to every horse's mouth," and, like many other such statements, it sounds wise. As a sophistry it is repeated, repetition develops, and age mellows it into an accepted truth which it is heresy to dispute. I fear, however, that adages are of little value when hounds are running, our horse is pulling and there is a yawning ditch ahead. Experience alone must be our guide. Now, what is our experience in this particular matter? We have all had horses which "take hold" a bit. We have all had horses which carry their heads a bit too low or a bit too high. We have all had horses which tire us because they are so keen, and others which produce a similar result because they are too slow. We have had horses with light mouths, or hard mouths; those that bridle and those that do not. Is it any reader's experience to find that any of these advantages, or disadvantages, can be permanently rectified by changing the bit?

I am convinced that the answer will be largely negative. The keen horse can be steadied by work or feeding, but not by severity. The more we pull at the horse the more he seems to pull at us, and the contest can continue until (as we sometimes know) the jaw is actually broken. So this method is obviously a false one. We cannot solve the problem by force alone. There is nothing new in this fact; it is one which is accepted by all experienced riders, and artifice is, therefore, adopted. High ports, low ports, sliding bars, twisted snaffles, chain snaffles, Hanoverian pelhams, Liverpool bits, gags and a hundred other devices are in use, and their respective merits are daily discussed in riding circles. But of what avail is it all? Sometimes we think we can hold a horse better in this or that, and for a day or two it seems to work. But after that we have to admit the problem has not been solved, and instead of fixing the blame on ourselves, we fly to some other ironmongery device of a greater or lesser degree of discomfort to the horse.

If we really cannot ride one of our horses with sufficient comfort or safety, it would be better to sell him and buy one we can manage rather than tax our ingenuity in biting devices all of which end in the same result. Some horses, heavier and bigger and longer striding than others, naturally require a little more leverage, and; consequently, a slightly longer cheekpiece; but that is all. The horse takes the pressure of the bit on the root of the tongue, and the object of a high port is not, as is often supposed, to create a leverage on the roof of the mouth, but to make it more difficult for the horse to press his tongue against it. But has it ever produced the result we want? Some people are very much concerned at a horse putting his tongue over the bit, and have all sorts of devices, like gridirons, to overcome the habit. Personally, I have never been able to understand why. I have ridden many horses with this trick, and unless I look I am unable to tell whether the tongue is over the bit or not. Left alone he will put it back again when he feels so inclined, and I think we should be satisfied with that.

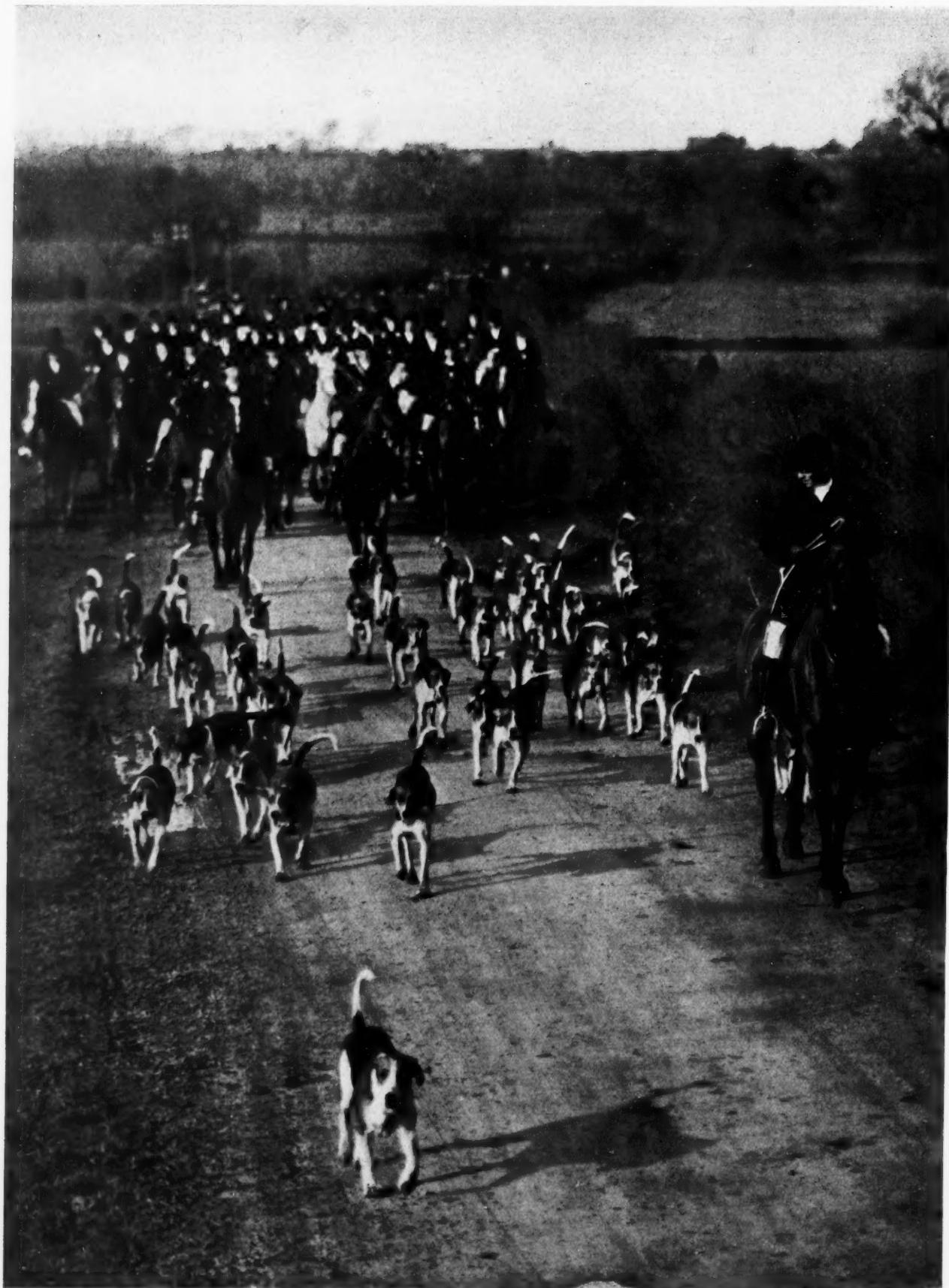
The fact is that we can seldom cure horses of habits due to temperament or formation. If a horse gallops with his head low, does a gag succeed in raising it? If he carries it high, will a snaffle bring it down? The best answer to both these problems is to leave the horse alone as much as possible and allow nature to work in its own way. I think a horse is often fighting against the bit when he carries his head low, and he is more likely to raise it when he finds freedom. Similarly,

the high carriage is often due to bad handling and not to other causes.

I think most people agree that the best bit is the simple double bridle, and if it has a sliding mouthpiece, like the "Ward-union," so much the better. Let us, therefore, stick to that; and if we have trouble with our horses, let us blame ourselves and our own horsemanship. We must remember that they went well enough when we bought them, and that the faults which are so troublesome now were not so apparent then. It therefore stands to reason it is not the bit that is doing the harm; it must be some fault in ourselves or our stable management. Too little exercise and too much feeding are common reasons that can be easily rectified. But after we have put that matter right and we find we still cannot hold our horse, what is to be done then? The answer is, let the horse have freedom. Let him gallop on to the next gate with only slight control on the reins, but with a strong grip with the leg. Then when we want him to stop, let us say so both firmly and forcibly if need be; and, unless the horse is insane (and I have never come across one), he will obey. Horses often do not stop, because they do not know they are intended to stop. If a dull pull is on his mouth all the time, how can he know?

The practice of hunting in snaffles is hardly to be recommended, and it is very mysterious why so many people do, as it is much more tiring and unsatisfactory. Some horses are described as "snaffle mouthed." But have we any idea what this means? Have we ever come across a horse that does not bridle more readily or one that could not be ridden in a double bridle? The snaffle is useful for grooms at exercise or for jockeys when at work, but those would seem to be the only occasions when it should be used, except, of course, with novices and children, perhaps.

There are three kinds of martingales in common use—the running, standing and Irish—and they have certain intentions in common. Their object is to give greater control, to keep a horse's head down, and to prevent the rider getting a bang on the nose. The running martingale is sometimes placed on the snaffle rein, sometimes on the curb. Everyone seems to have different ideas as to which is right. So it may not be without interest if we examine this subject. Let us make this postulate, first of all, because it gives us a common factor to work upon and a text to refer to: "The martingale has as its object restraint for the abnormal and freedom for the normal." So when a horse's head is in its natural position it should not be operating, but when he throws his head about its restraining influence should be immediately felt. That being so, I do not think there can be any question as to which is the right rein on which to place the running martingale. Normally we use the snaffle rein more than the curb, and therefore that rein should be free to play upon the horse's mouth, and delicacy of touch should not be hampered by the continuous drag of the martingale rings. Secondly, as its object is to restrain the abnormal, it is just as well that when the horse does throw his head up he should have as strong a check as possible. This is undoubtedly more effectively accomplished when the martingale is on the bit. But does this form of martingale really perform its functions? It does not prevent the horse from raising his head as high as he likes and from banging us on the nose when we are off our guard. It certainly keeps one rein in its place, but it does not prevent the other from flying over his head on occasions. It does not



H. Barrett.

THE COTTESMORE MOVING OFF.

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The fact that the precautions, made necessary by the outbreak of foot and mouth disease, stopped fox hunting in several countries and seriously restricted it in others will long be remembered in connection with the present season. There is always, however, next season if not next week, to look forward to, and, in spite of everything, there are no signs of lessening interest among hunting men and women.

H. B.



IN FULL CRY: THE RUFFORD.



CUBBING WITH THE RUFFORD.



help us to keep our own hands down, because when it is properly fitted the rings should be as high as the top of the withers. In gateways it occasionally gets caught up, and, when falling, a horse sometimes puts his foot through it and breaks it to bits. Are not, therefore, its advantages rather more apparent than real?

The Irish martingale keeps the reins in place, but otherwise gives complete freedom, and for this reason is a much better device for steeplechasing than, perhaps, any other. It is light and does not interfere in any way with the play of the reins, and, out hunting, does not get in the way when opening gates or when falling, and it is, therefore, better for this purpose than the running one. But it does not prevent a horse from throwing his head as high as he likes, and for this reason for all-round work the standing martingale is surely preferable to all others. It is not in such general use as it should be, because many people suppose it "restrains the normal" when a horse is jumping, and might even cause him to fall. Those of us who have ridden over any kind of fence in standing martingales know that such

is not the case, but it is as well to examine this contention. A horse, when jumping naturally, with a free head, keeps it almost still. At the moment of throw off, the nose is advanced in proportion to the effort, and it is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that we should always have our martingales fairly long. But after the hind legs have left the ground, the horse begins to look where he is going. As he lands his head is down, and when he falls his head is also down. So that the standing martingale does not affect the horse on landing in any way. It is a curious thing, but although we sometimes break running martingales in a fall, it is rare indeed to break a standing one. Once we have assured ourselves on these points the advantages of it are apparent, because it does perform its functions. It does prevent a horse throwing his head too high; it does not prevent our having our reins quite free to play upon his mouth; and it seldom catches in a gateway or gets tied up when the horse is down. It gives complete freedom for the normal and is less cumbersome than the running martingale, which has, indeed, but little to recommend it.

THE GRAVEL-FLORA OF THE CAMBRENA DELTA

By DR. R. LLOYD PRAEGER.

THE Bernina Hospice, solid, dark and gaunt, stands on the edge of the road which leads from St. Moritz to Tirano. Even in summer it is windswept and bleak here, as we are at the summit of the pass, some 7,500ft. above the sea. The hospice looks across a long winding lake, which fills the narrow valley, to a great snow-clad mountain, whose glittering glaciers seem but a stone's-throw away. From the snout of the lowest glacier, about level with the hospice, a milky stream bursts forth and almost at once spreads out in a tangle of rushing rivulets over a gravel-delta of its own creation, which projects into the lake in a wide fan. This is a place well worth the visitor's attention, for it yields the finest moraine flora to be found in Switzerland. To the botanical geographer and ecologist two features will appeal particularly—the composition of the assemblage of plants which form the vegetation, which differs widely from that of the surrounding rocks and slopes; and its luxuriance, singular in view of the apparently barren gravel on which it grows.

Immediately in front of the hospice is a patch of trampled rocky sward—not devoid of dirty paper and old tins—which may detain us for a moment, as its flora, quite characteristic of the neighbourhood, will give us a standard with which to compare the flora of the delta. This sward has a groundwork of grasses and sedges, with flat creeping shrubs—Loiseleuria procumbens, Salix herbacea, Vaccinium Vitis-Idaea—and many small herbs—Trifolium alpinum, Silene acaulis, S. rupestris, Sibbaldia procumbens, Sieversia (Geum) montanum, Potentilla aurea, Sempervivum montanum, Gnaphalium supinum, Chrysanthemum alpinum, Bellidistrum Michelii, Hieracium villosum, Senecio carniolicus, Meum Mutellina, Phyteuma

hemisphaericum, Polygonum viviparum and (where the snow has lain) Soldanella minima. But its type is shown by the grassy sward full of procumbent shrubs.

Half a mile down the road we bear to the left to round the end of the lake, which is rather spoiled by being embanked at either extremity so that its water may be impounded for the production of electricity—opaque, milky, glacier water, which earns for it the name of Lago Bianco. We pass between it and the Lago Nero, a little pearl lake unspoiled by man, and fringed with snowy patches of Eriophorum Scheuchzeri, handsomest of cotton-grasses, every upright stem crowned with a big ball of white fluff, looking beautiful against the dark water.

Soon we reach the edge of the delta. What seemed at a distance to be bare gravel is now seen to be a sheet of flowers, stretching as far as the eye can follow them. The plants do not form a sward as in an alpine meadow or on the hillside we are just leaving, but mostly occur singly. The prevailing tone is yellow, and this is seen to be due largely to the profusion of Sieversia (Geum) reptans, which is present in thousands. This is a plant which I have never seen really happy in an English garden—in my own, I admit, it has been a miserable failure. But here we see it in full glory—plump upstanding tufts, each with up to a dozen great golden blossoms as big as a five-shilling piece, and a circle of red-stemmed runners a yard in diameter, so that the plant looks like a gigantic sea-anemone. Another delight is furnished by Papaver aurantium, dwarf and crisp, with delicate glaucous foliage and great golden poppy flowers. Senecio carniolicus is here in plenty, too, with silvery leaves and little golden heads of bloom. Paler



THE CAMBRENA DELTA AND GLACIER FROM THE BERNINA HOSPICE.



SIEVERSIA REPTANS AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, ACHILLEA NANA.

These two illustrations are of typical moraine plants.

shades are furnished by *Biscutella laevigata* with pleasing lemon flowers, and yellow-white cushions of *Saxifraga aspera* var. *bryoides*.

Upright tufts of *Epilobium Fleischeri* are everywhere, full of rosy bloom, and dense cushions of *Silene acaulis*, smothered in pink bloom as they never are in the garden. *Saxifraga oppositifolia* creeps here and there, and there are tufts of *Sempervivum montanum* and *S. arachnoideum*, bearing stars of purple and bright rose respectively.

Our natural garden is also strewn with plump tufts of *Saxifraga Aizoon* and *S. aizoides*, dark green clumps of *Chrysanthemum alpinum* with big daisy-flowers, *Achillea moschata* and *A. nana*—the latter a charming silvery dwarf—and slender spires of *Polygonum viviparum*. To these, blue tones are added by gay clumps of *Campanula Scheuchzeri*, *Phyteuma hemisphaericum*, *Myosotis pyrenaica* and the dainty *Veronica alpina*. Sprawling everywhere are sprays of *Linaria alpina*, always lovely, but here more brilliant in flower and more glaucous in leaf than in our gardens. Grasses, sedges and mat-forming shrubs are conspicuous only by their extreme rarity.

This is a remarkable assemblage of plants, growing in a state of unusual luxuriance in a strangely scattered manner. In attempting to account for it we have to consider the peculiar conditions under which it exists. The rushing streamlets of ice-cold water are always bringing down fresh material, and incessantly altering their courses. The gravel islets are continually changing; permanent ground there is none, and the



PAPAVER AURANTIACUM.

species which are quickest in colonisation get the best chance. Hence, no doubt, the curious selection of plants present, and their scattered distribution; and hence also the absence of shrubs, which are too slow in growth for this kaleidoscopic society. To explain the vigorous growth of the plants is not so easy. The substratum in which they root is almost pure sandy gravel; six to twelve inches below the surface ice-cold water, deleterious to root-activity, is ever straining through. But, though humus appears very scarce, the water is probably well supplied with mineral salts derived from the ground-up rock with which it is charged; both water and soil are fully aerated; and there is a hot sun overhead. Perhaps others more versed in the ways of alpine plants than I am can add some further favourable factors.

Do the conditions on the Cambrena delta help us as regards the construction and maintenance of that rather difficult and often unsatisfactory feature of the rock garden, the moraine? I doubt if they do. We can imitate the gravel-bed easily enough, but not the glorious air, the hot sun, the racing silt-charged water, the continual turning over of the material; nor the comparative dryness and even temperature of winter, when the stream is frozen at its source and the delta is under snow. Our garden moraine exists under physical conditions so different from any similar structure among the mountains that it is little wonder if the resemblance between the two is mainly on the geological side, and extends in but small measure to the botanical.

ANCIENT OAKS IN KENT

BY PROFESSOR AUGUSTINE HENRY.

THE famous oaks of England, remarkable for their age and size, have been repeatedly described. More than a score were depicted in 1822 by Strutt in his "Sylva Britannica." A rare book, "Eidodendron," brought out in 1827 by an artist named H. W. Burgess, gives particulars of over a hundred celebrated oak trees. Loudon's description, arranged county by county, which appeared in 1838, is still fuller. The most recent list, very complete and with accurate measurements, by the late Mr. H. J. Elwes, will be found in the second volume of "The Trees of Great Britain."

We shall now put on record the particulars of a large and ancient oak, which has apparently not been noticed by any previous writer. It does not even bear a name locally, but the owner, Lord de L'Isle, wishes it to be called the Oak near Paul's Farm, Leigh. How this great tree escaped observation is remarkable, as it grows within a mile of the famous oak of Penshurst Park, which is associated by legend with Sir Philip Sidney. As the two trees differ little in appearance or in proportions, they are probably coeval, and the interesting question as to their probable age will, perhaps, be best arrived at by our giving first an account of Sir Philip Sidney's oak.



AN UNRECORDED OAK NEAR PAUL'S FARM, LEIGH, KENT.

This oak is referred to by Ben Jonson in the lines—

That taller tree, of which a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.

And by Waller, who speaks—

Of yonder tree; which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth. . . .

Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst on November 29th, 1554, and both poets believed that the tree was planted on that date. The owners of Penshurst, Sidney's descendants, ignore the legend and have always called the tree by the name, Bears Oak, from the family bearings. The owner of Penshurst in 1838 wrote to Loudon that although it was the tree alluded to by Waller, it must have been long anterior to the birth of his ancestor, Sir Philip Sidney.

The Bears Oak stands in the open park at Penshurst, and measured in November, 1923, about forty feet in height and twenty-eight feet in girth at the narrowest part of the butt, four feet above the ground. Loudon's figure of the tree in 1838 only differs in the absence of one branch from that of Strutt in 1822, and depicts a tree, broken at the top, and about fifty feet in height and thirty feet in girth, with a hollow trunk, communicating with the outside by a considerable aperture. I could see no difference, except the loss of one branch, in the appearance and size of the tree to-day and what it was in Strutt's picture, 101 years ago. It might be argued then that this oak is of unknown antiquity, as it has not altered a whit in the last century, and may have remained in the same condition for hundreds of years previously. However, there is, perhaps, approximation to the truth in Dryden's lines :

The memorial oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up and spreads by slow degrees,
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state ; and in three more decays.

One may consider the Bears Oak to be at least 900 years old. In the last stage, species like the oak and the yew apparently do not increase in girth appreciably, the annual ring formed each year being, perhaps, a single cell wide, a microscopic amount. The tree lasts indefinitely, and perishes ultimately by the ravages of storms and lightning. The wood is very durable and does not decay, even when the top is gone and the butt is hollow, as long as some foliage is borne on the branches.

The Oak near Paul's Farm was discovered two years ago by Mr. H. A. Wood, a civil engineer retired from India, and to him I am indebted for the photograph and a pleasant visit to see the tree last November. It grows on the boundary line between land which was formerly part of Penshurst Park and Paul's Farm. The tree stands in hollow, moist ground, between two low ridges, about three-quarters of a mile from Leigh Halt railway station. It still bears a considerable amount of branches and foliage, and carried some acorns last autumn. It measures



THE PAUL'S FARM OAK, SHOWING THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THE BUTT.

54ft. in height, and has a broken top. The trunk is no less than 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in girth at the narrowest part, 18ins. above the ground. Above this point a huge limb comes off on one side, about fifteen feet in girth. The trunk is hollow, and communicates with the exterior by a large aperture. The tree is the common English oak, *Quercus pedunculata*, and the leaves are smaller than those on normal trees, one hundred to two hundred years old. I consider this tree to be of the same age as the Bears Oak, over 900 years old. Its preservation is due in part to its being a boundary tree, perhaps already of great size when the park was demarcated, and possibly, long before that, a sacred tree worshipped by the Saxons. This part of Kent was formerly renowned for its oak timber; Defoe, in the account of his journey in 1753 from Tunbridge Wells to Lewes, says : "The timber I saw here was prodigious as well in quantity as in bigness, and seemed to be suffered to grow only because it was so far from navigation that it was not worth cutting down and carrying away." In conclusion, acknowledgments are due to Lord de L'Isle and to his agent, Mr. John M. Sturges, for their courtesy in aiding my research into the history of these two wonderful oaks.

WEEDS AND WEEDING

BY J. DUFF.

WHEREVER flowers will grow, weeds will flourish; and everyone who tends a garden must spend much time in destroying the usurpers that absorb the space and food intended for their betters. Walks, beds and borders, grass lawns and slopes—every part of the garden must be purified from the invaders.

To keep walks clean is not a difficult business; they can be "scuffed" with the hoe, or some poisonous weed-killer can be applied without risk to other plants; none but an idle or careless gardener need have weed-covered walks. Borders offer a more difficult problem; to keep an old garden free from weeds in a wet summer is a task which calls for continuous effort and is never perfectly performed. The hoe is, of course, the main weapon indicated, and upon this the professional gardener relies in his warfare against weeds; but many amateurs, if their backs are still capable of bending, prefer the finger and thumb to all artificial contrivances. It is by no means a bad occupation for a summer afternoon to encamp on a rug or cushion beside a flower bed and pick out one by one the small green things that infest the rich soil. In the country, female visitors, if not too young (the elderly are often remarkably proficient), can often be enlisted in this service; and their efforts must be rewarded by praise and proper attention to their little comforts.

But borders often present problems which cannot be solved by the finger and thumb of a lady, however expert and assiduous. For instance, wherever the wild campanula has established itself, no surface treatment is of any use :

" You do but skin and film the ulcerous place."

The thick white roots of this terrible weed are hidden far below and feed the visible leaves by means of thin red and white fibres, which snap at a touch. Nothing avails here except deep digging with a fork. The thin roots of the campanula will be found inextricably twined round the roots of some perennial, and it is a task of great difficulty to clean the soil of every scrap of these fibres; but every rootlet that is left is sure to grow. The novice is sometimes pleased with the purple flowers of this

plant, but he will learn before long that it is a terrible nuisance in the garden.

A still worse enemy of the flower bed is the detestable plant known and dreaded as bishop-weed or gout-weed, called in botanical books, with their usual indifference to the rules of Latin grammar, *Ægopodium Podagraria*. It is of the hemlock tribe, with light green leaves and a negligible flower. It is almost impossible to eradicate it when once established. In well kept English gardens it is not rampant, but there are large gardens in Ireland where the entire surface of the beds is hidden by this weed, and Irish ladies have been known, in default of other flowers, to make an effective table decoration with the green leaves and small white flowers of bishop-weed. When plants are imported from private gardens in Ireland, the roots should be examined before planting, to make sure that no bishop-weed is mixed up with them. If you once admit this serpent, your Eden may soon be turned into a wilderness.

But after all, for those who enjoy weeding for its own sake and consider a day ill-spent if they have not removed a single weed, there is nothing like grass lawns and slopes. Except in the rare event of a really dry summer, there is no day in the year when this amusement may not be enjoyed. The improvement of a lawn, even of a tennis lawn, which contains a large variety of plants other than grass, may be continued for many years and afford an immense amount of healthy occupation to its owner, without ever coming to an end.

The lawn-weeder's most constant weapon is the daisy fork. This handy little tool takes out daisies and buttercups and many other of the small surface weeds. Where these have grown, as they will, into matted patches, the use of the fork is tedious and disturbs the soil too much, and a sprinkling of lawn sand will do the work better. While it destroys the daisies, lawn sand burns up the grass as well, but the grass, having deeper roots, will grow again, though it will come up rather ranker and darker in colour. The true weeder will hold it more sportsmanlike to use a daisy fork wherever possible. Practice soon makes one

dexterous in the use of the tool ; the roots must be thoroughly loosened with the least possible disturbance of the soil, then the weed must be grasped by the hand and drawn, not twitched, out of the ground.

There are, however, weeds which root so deeply that a daisy fork only pulls the top off and leaves them to grow again. For instance, if a dandelion root is severed near the top, several slighter stems of a lighter colour will sprout from the severed root. For such deep-rooted weeds a garden fork is needed. But this should never be applied to turf except in winter and spring, when the ground is thoroughly saturated. At those seasons a considerable upheaval may be worked without any injury to the turf. There is no other way of dealing with a pestilent form of potentilla which infests some lawns. The root, black and tapering to a point, runs down to a depth of 18ins. or 2ft.; it increases by suckers from the surface and spreads rapidly. Few operations

on a spring day give more satisfaction to the weeder than to prise up with the fork an old offender of this tribe ; the dull sound which the root makes on parting with the soil is music to his ear, and the longer the rat-tail which emerges, the better he is pleased.

Neglected grass is often full of plaintains, but these are more easy to deal with. The spring is the right season for operations. If a knife is thrust in at such an angle as to remove most of the root, the plaintain will not grow again from the part that is left in the ground.

Weeding is a harmless and even useful hobby, and there is something satisfactory and even soothing in the pursuit. Cases are well known—the wife of Richard Cobden is one—where the intense shock of sudden bereavement has destroyed for the time every other interest in life and left this as the one occupation endurable to the sufferer.

THE GOLFER AND HIS OBSTREPEROUS ELBOWS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is curious that most people who are given to the reprehensible habit of swearing are apt to curse various parts of their own anatomy. If any illustration be needed, let us turn to the great source of quotations. Here we learn that Mr. Roker "turned somewhat fiercely upon Mr. Pickwick and moreover muttered, in an excited fashion, certain unpleasant invocations concerning his own eyes, limbs and circulating fluids." I may also recall the "Damn my straps and whiskers" of Tom Smart in "The Bagman's Story."

It is not so curious that the golfer should indulge in this practice : he has a particularly good excuse, because some one or other of his limbs is always preventing him—or he thinks it is—from hitting his usual magnificent shot. Yet, I never remember to have heard any golfer, even in his most hair-raising moments, exclaim "Damn my elbows." It is a singular omission, because our elbows are not only most unruly and ill-behaved, but they are mean and treacherous into the bargain. They misbehave when we are in such an attitude that we cannot see what they are doing.

I do not suppose that anybody has better cause to call down a hearty malediction on his right elbow than I have myself. Whether it is purely original sin or whether I studied too attentively in youth those most fallacious pictures in old golfing text books I do not know, but that right elbow of mine has an ineradicable trick of leaping high into the air at the top of the swing just when I cannot possibly keep my eye on it. What is worse, I very often cannot even feel it. I remember, some year or so since, going in despair to consult the illustrious Dr. Braid at Walton Heath. He at once diagnosed the peccant elbow, but even after he had told me of it I could not thoroughly realise it. I drove a number of balls under his fatherly eye. Some were hit and some were missed. In the case of nearly every mis-hit shot he would say "It went up a bit that time" or "A little too much Massey that time," and I remained unconscious of it as far as my own sensations were concerned. All I could do was to surmise that the elbow had gone up because I had missed the ball. I am still in much the same condition. I can only guess that my elbow is doing behind my back what it would not dare to do before my face. The trouble is that I have so many other faults that I never guess this one quickly enough. The very last time I played golf I made some of the most disgraceful shots ever seen on a golf course, but it was only when I got home that I suddenly exclaimed in a burst of inspiration, "I bet it was that infernal elbow." Now I am happy, or comparatively so, in the discovery. Of course, it is possible that by the time these words are printed I shall find that it was not the elbow after all. Then the dark will cover me again, "black as the pit from pole to pole."

I am by no means the only sufferer in this respect. There is a certain friend of mine, a very good player indeed, who used to be terribly afflicted. He shall be nameless, because I am afraid of saying the wrong thing. I once in my innocence wrote of his having "conquered his habit of lifting his elbow," and his vulgar friends, scenting a *double entendre*, drew pictures of him with his elbow strapped to his side and a glass just out of his reach. However, he was very forgiving, and he could afford to be, because he really has conquered his right elbow. It now keeps beautifully low at the top of his swing (you may see him continually exercising it and looking at it with a stern, fierce eye as he walks between the shots), and he hits the ball both far and sure.

I wish some cunning person would make a machine to record the misconduct of the elbow, even as Colonel Quill's ingenious invention showed when the player moved his head. It would be a little disconcerting if a bell suddenly rang at the top of the swing, but it would probably "larn" us to keep the elbow down. There is, of course, the time-honoured device of putting a handkerchief under the armpit. If the elbow goes up the handkerchief is released and flutters tell-tale to the ground. But I always think that it does not fall quite easily enough. Moreover, the matter is not so simple and direct as it may appear. It is not merely a question of preventing the elbow from jumping up just at the top of the swing. The mischief is often done much earlier in the swing, at the very start, indeed, when the elbow, instead of going smoothly round, begins by crooking itself and so becomes, as it were, locked. Still, the handkerchief trick is of some help.

The right elbow can behave very ill in short shots as well as in full ones. Duncan told me the other day of a lady pupil of his who temporarily could not play a mashie shot because she was, as he called it, "leaving the body out" and doing all the work with the elbows. She was wearing a garment with a sash or cord round the waist, and he therefore made her slip her right arm under the cord. Her elbow then could not go straying. She had to use her body to some extent in order to take the club back, and she promptly began to hit the ball like an angel.

I have lavished the chief of my abuse on the right elbow because it is my own chief enemy and, as I believe, that of a good many other people, but the left elbow is by no means sinless. It can form a habit of coming away from the body and protruding too far. It may seem absurd to give as an example a player who was within one stroke of winning the Open Championship. Yet the great Hagen's left elbow was certainly undisciplined at Troon last year. Magnificently though he fought, he was not really his best self, and every now and again that left elbow would come out too much. I thought that I had noticed it for myself and then I was walking and watching with Jim Barnes and he confirmed me by pointing it out. What such a player as Hagen can do slightly, other folk can do most destructively.

Another bad habit of the left elbow is to begin the down-swing by crooking itself a little and going forwards, thus producing as a rule a kind of smothered slice. The player finds that he cannot get the ball up properly unless it is teed, and he is conscious of a sensation of hitting every shot just a fraction of a second too soon. In its early and subtle stages the disease is one difficult to detect and, when detected, not easy to cure. The more general and obvious remedy lies in a determination not to hurry down ; that is a resolve that never did anybody any harm. The more specific remedy is something in the nature of Vardon's teaching that the player should feel in the downward swing that he is hitting out at something behind him. The danger is, I suppose, that he will, in his enthusiasm for improvement, try to hit too far behind him and so fall back on to his right foot. If he keeps his head religiously still he will presumably not fall into that error, but by this time I have got the poor fellow into such a tangle of "dos" and "don'ts" that the one thing he is almost certain to do is to miss the ball. He will feel inclined to mutter invocations not only, like Mr. Roker, on his own eyes and limbs, but on mine as well.

TURNING THE LEAVES

The Library of Edmund Gosse. Being a descriptive and bibliographical catalogue of a portion of his collection compiled by E. H. M. Cox, with an introductory essay by Mr. Gosse. (Dulau and Co., 18s.)

If the reader be wise, he will make his first acquaintance with this volume by turning the leaves, and thus acting on a hint given by Mr. Gosse in his "Essay in Apology." Yet this is not to be taken too literally. The preface by Mr. Cox is a plain, straightforward and comprehensive guide that must be read, and Mr. Gosse's little composition to which we have referred is too charming to be passed with a cursory glance. It is autobiographical in essence, as it should be, and was written when the author, in a pensive mood, felt that his ambition was sinking to a close and his hopes unrealised. He does not extol, but deprecates his collection of books. "It takes," he said, "a lifetime to form a library, and mine remains pitifully unfinished after more than half a century of collecting." Yet the general tenor of this apologetic essay is manly and cheerful. No one should miss the amusing sketch given of the ways of assistants and librarians in the British Museum fifty-seven years ago, when these servants of the Crown carried on such amusements within the walls of the museum as playing cricket in remoter galleries and trying to produce melody from a jews' harp. Nor should anyone skip, the sketch of the "bower of dust and beauty," that was Salkeld's shop in Red Lion Square, wherein a confusion reigned that would have been hopeless save for the unfaltering memory of the bookseller; books were carelessly heaped on a table which would now be cheaply purchased for their weight in gold. John Leicester Warren, later to become the third Lord Tabley, used often to be in the street at six o'clock in the morning waiting till the shop was opened. The personal memoirs of Mr. Gosse are all the more interesting because even a modest gratification of his desire to acquire books was controlled by the "exiguity of my purse." He had not the ambition to amass books simply for curiosity or the collector's mania. "Mine is essentially the workshop and playground of a man of letters."

We will, however, leave the reader to the enjoyment of this exquisite little discourse and resume turning the leaves. Perhaps there will be some who will object that we turn them rather quickly, saying nothing of quite large slabs of print. Let it not be thought that this is out of any lack of interest, far less of disdain; the truth is, rather, that many of the entries of which no mention will be made here are passed by because of the covetousness and envy they excite.

As a collection of books the chief characteristic of the library is found in the number of volumes belonging to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They were collected at the most favourable time for doing so, and, no doubt, the catalogue will be keenly scrutinised on their account. That, however, is too serious a matter for the present occasion. The list, alphabetically arranged, begins with Addison, Joseph, responsible for six entries, and is followed by Akenside, Mark, with three, and Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling, with one. This is the beginning, with the first book dated 1695, and it ends with one dated 1725. In order to get acquainted with the modern authors the reader must lightheartedly skip pages of entries such as these, reserving them for such future times as he intends to devote to the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We soon get a hint of what is coming, however, because on the second page of the catalogue, which is twenty-sixth of the book, there occurs the entry, "Letters of Lord Althorp. Privately Printed," bearing the inscription "E. Gosse from Spencer. Nov. 29, 1912." and, to confess the truth, the reflection to which this gave rise was rather trivial, about how an author should write in the book which he sends to a distinguished man of letters with, no doubt, genuine admiration and an eye to reviewing. In order to find what example was set by that sovereign in the realm of taste, Walter Pater, the leaves were promptly jumped till his name was reached. He was even briefer than Lord Althorp—"To Edmund Gosse from W.P." Many will think that this example is one to be followed, but had everyone been equally reticent, many interesting jottings from this book would never have come into existence. If Walter Pater be accepted as a model representative of the nineteenth century, the Sitwell family may stand equally well for the present time. They approach the great man with a gesture that is almost one of worship. At any rate, Miss Edith Sitwell signs "The Wooden Pegasus" "With homage to Mr. Edmund Gosse," and Mr. Osbert Sitwell used the same words, with the addition "but fear," which makes one suspect that he smelt a veteran reviewer. Homage when "Cock-Robin" appears is deepened into "with reverence from Osbert Sitwell." Between the bare initials

and these adoring phrases there are many degrees. The young author, if he chooses to follow some examples in the book, will sign himself "With love," "With affection," "With friendship" of which he will find many examples here.

It must be conceded, however, that those who have a turn for poetry add more to the gaiety of the reader than such as are dead set on the proper and conventional. Rudyard Kipling, in characteristically clever lines, after noting that "Men say 'Tis wondrous strange to see Their children stand about their knee" goes on to remark that it is stranger "To see in stately order spread The lawless offspring of their head." John Masefield took himself more seriously, for with "The Widow in the Bye Street" he sent the following lines which show that when he was dead in earnest, humour did not come to him as it often came to Shakespeare, who would make a pun or joke at moments of tragedy without losing grip of his theme for a moment.

Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of Truth
In which his soul may sail,
Sail on the sea of Death;
For Death takes toll
Of Beauty, Courage, Youth,
Of all but Truth.

In this connection there might be read two letters from Sir Sidney Colvin to Mr. Gosse inserted with a set of proofs of "Underwoods Book III" sent him by his friend Stevenson's friend. "It is one of the curiosities of literature that S.'s hand, so unerring in prose, should have been so wavering in verse," and with the remark that "as usual R.L.S. is his own best critic," he quotes:

It was not music, for I lacked the art,
Yet what frozen music filled my heart?

Lionel Johnson, who was, in his day, a celebrity from whom much was expected, is as greatly in earnest as Mr. Masefield, and yet with a touch of wit also. He sends his book on "The Art of Thomas Hardy" with the following:

To Edmund Gosse Esqre. from Lionel Johnson.
To whom, if not to you, Sir, should I send
My book about your friend?
You with appraising kindness will take
Its praises, for his sake:
As to its censure, who's the censor? Why,
I am: and who am I?

Altruistically he composed little poems to go with books by his friend W. B. Yeats. The one on the fly-leaf of "The Celtic Twilight" ends:

The fire and dew of Irish dreams
Shine here within a twilight pale:
And in the magic twilight gleams
The secret soul of Inisfail.

Another of the poems we quote in full as a neat little example of a kind of verse popular towards the end of last century:

Poet and friend, I send
To you my poet friend:
Whose perfect poems are
Star upon star.

Were gold of Ophir mine,
That gold were far less fine
Than his, I bid you take
For friendship's sake.

I give you of his best.
Welcome this goodly guest,
For his sake, and for mine,
And of the Nine.

Oscar Wilde did not break into poetry, but addressed the great reviewer with a fine mixture of self-recommendation and flattery:

Babbacombe Cliff, Babbacombe. My Dear Gosse, Will you accept a copy of "Salome"—my first venture to use for art that subtle instrument of music, The French Tongue—accept it as a tribute of my admiration of your own delicate use of English. Very truly yours, Oscar Wilde.

He adds a postscript longer than the letter, which ends with a speculation as to what Salome would do if she came alive in the library of Mr. Edmund Gosse:

She would try to dance, a stern look from a single tome by an eighteenth century writer will quell her, for common sense she has none, and reason, a faculty which I am glad to say is rapidly dying out, affrights her terribly.

The humorous poets could not, of course, avoid rhyme. When Sir Owen Seaman sent his "With Double Pipe" to Gosse in 1893 he wrote on the fly-leaf:

To Edmund Gosse Esq.
I send you this little verborum ampulla
Containing the yeast of my youthful medulla:
Don't read it: the reason you find me a bore, Gosse
Would prove as transparent as silk from Amorgos.

Austin Dobson had the poetry-sending habit very badly, and some of his verses are witty, like the lines written on the fly-leaf of "Proverbs in Porcelain":

Sermons in Stone our Shakespeare found,
But nought to him was stony ground ;
I do but follow as I may,
And pick my Proverbs out of clay !

Another on the fly-leaf of a book of prose published in 1899 ends epigrammatically :

"Pressed in Whitehall" I've often been ;
Ne'er in "Morocco Crushed" !

Frederick Locker sent a piece of witticism with his "London Lyrics":

I'm satisfied that gold is dross
And so I give my rhymes to Gosse.

But time and space, according to the latest philosophy of Mr. Einstein, are both limited; and, although many other fragrant passages met the eye as the leaves were turned, necessity compels us to stop, but not before we have thanked Mr. Cox and Mr. Gosse for a great pleasure. It was a delight, not experienced before, to find a dry catalogue made as interesting as a novel of manners.

P. A. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

W. H. HUDSON, A PORTRAIT, by Morley Roberts (Nash and Grayson, 16s.). A fine portrait, drawn by a sympathetic, frank and honest hand.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS (4th Series), by Anatole France (Lane, 7s. 6d.). The latest volume in the uniform edition of the works of M. France.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME (Vol. I). Translated and edited by Gertrude Scott Stevenson (Chapman and Dodd, 18s.). The correspondence of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Bavaria, Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans, called "Madame" at the Court of Louis XIV of France.

A HISTORY OF MILAN UNDER THE VISCONTI, by Dorothy Muir (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). A richly coloured fabric in which the history of family and city are inextricably interwoven.

MY YEARS OF INDISCRETION, by Cyril Scott (Mills and Boon, 15s.). An autobiography in which glimpses of many people well known in the musical and other worlds of to-day are to be found.

FICTION.

THE BEATEN PATH, by Paul Creswick (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). A fantasy in which ghosts and old books play a part.

THE COMEDY OF PETER TAUNTON, by G. P. Robinson (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.). A murder trial and its effect on the lives of some members of the Junior Bar.

A PAWN AMONG KINGS, by C. S. Forester (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). A story of love and war of which one Marie de Berzeny and Napoleon are hero and heroine.

THE ARMS OF PHAEDRA, by Nigel Worth (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.). Adventures in Crete; the discovery of the living remains of ancient civilisation—and love.

GLAD-EYE VIEWS, by Jane Doe (Lane, 3s. 6d.). Some flippant reflections from the point of view of a smart woman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIBRARY OF EDMUND GOSSE, compiled by E. H. M. Cox (Dulau, 18s.). See review page 336.

SEVEN XVIII CENTURY BIBLIOGRAPHIES, by Iolo A. Williams (Dulau, 28s.). The eighteenth century writers are John Armstrong, William Shenstone, Mark Akenside, William Collins, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Churchill and Sheridan. Mr. Williams has made a bibliography for each and has written an essay for all but two—Goldsmith and Sheridan—they being too well known to the general reader to require it.

AN ONLOOKER IN FRANCE, 1917-1919, by Sir William Orpen, R.A. (Williams and Norgate 15s.) A revised and enlarged edition, with ninety-seven full-page illustrations exquisitely reproduced.

JAMAICA, by E. M. Cook (Arrowsmith, 2s. 6d.). A collection of papers viewing the island from many interesting angles.

THREE BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH, 1924 (Dean and Son, 20s.). Gives the revised results of the General Election, an abridged Peersage and explanation of Technical Parliamentary Expressions. The Preface points out among other interesting matters that Parliament is still described as of "the United Kingdom." Appearing for the fifty-third year.

THE GOLFER'S HANDBOOK, 1924 (Offices: Edinburgh and London, 7s. 6d.). At once a history and a directory of golf, giving many useful statistics and, apart from students of golfing lore, of the greatest value to any and every golfer proposing to visit a new course or golfing neighbourhood.

JOHN WISDEN'S CRICKETERS' ALMANACK FOR 1924 (Wisden, 5s.). The cricketers' classic, 61st edition. Among the portraits of the year are five bowlers—Messrs. A. E. R. Gilligan, Parkin, Tate, Macaulay and Roy Kilner. Mr. H. S. Altham has an interesting chapter on Public School cricket and Mr. Ashley Cooper supplies a survey of the match between England and South Africa.

TEMPERAMENT IN FOOTBALL

RUGBY football is a game in which temperament plays an important part, and national characteristics can be recognised in a large number of the matches played between the various countries. Quite recently we saw English dogged endurance gain a belated success over the impetuous brilliance of the Irishmen. Last Saturday, at Twickenham, the French team—mercurial, full of dash and fire—was defeated by opponents whose phlegmatic imperturbability enabled them to put the finishing touch to their attacking movements. It was the lack of finish that was the most conspicuous cause of the French team's failure. They had almost as many openings and chances as the Englishmen, but, too often, these were thrown away by a player getting off-side or fumbling a pass at the critical moment.

Every allowance must, of course, be made for the weakness of the French team; to meet England without Crabs, Jaurreguy, Dupont and Lasserre was an exceedingly bad piece of luck, for which the Frenchmen have our sincere sympathy. We should, naturally, have liked to see France's strongest team at Twickenham, and the absence of these players robs us of much satisfaction in our victory and practically nullifies its value as an indication of our prospects in the match against Scotland. Probably the greatest loss to the French side was Lasserre, the leader of their pack and the French counterpart of Wakefield. The need of an inspiring and efficient leader was apparent in the forward play of our visitors throughout the match.

The left wing of the three-quarter line, Behoteguy and Got, was the strongest part of the team—from an attacking point of view; Got, in particular, gave Catcheside and Chantrill many anxious moments. Ballarin, on the other wing, was unlucky in being opposite Jacob in his first International match, for the Oxford player was at his best. Ballarin, however, had the honour of scoring France's only try—a well deserved one—just before the end. The halves were outplayed and did not make the most of their opportunities. Pardo was a little disappointing and was too much inclined to kick straight down the ground. One of the features of the French play was the fine length and accuracy of their kicking as a whole. The forwards were at their best in the line-out, where they held a distinct advantage. They were generally beaten in "hooking," and their rushes, though forceful, lacked cohesion. Both forwards and backs were inclined to stand off-side. This enabled them to break up attacking movements more quickly than was comfortable for their opponents, but was the cause of several free kicks, and recoiled on their own heads by preventing them from getting their line into action quickly. The contrast in the relative positions of the three-quarter lines was often very marked; the Frenchmen were in a straight line across the ground, while our own men formed a correct diagonal line from the scrummage to the touch-line on the "open" side.

In spite of our handsome win, the play of the English team was not entirely satisfactory and does not increase one's confidence in their ability to beat Scotland. No fault can be found with the forwards, who were splendid both in the tight scrummages and in the loose. There were no weak spots in this department, and Wakefield once again proved his right to be called "great." Outside the scrummage, Jacob and Young played their best games up to now. The Cambridge captain was really wonderful in all phases of the game, while Jacob ran with splendid determination and seemed faster than ever before. Corbett made no mistakes, and held some difficult passes in an uncanny way. Locke was not so consistently good, but his kicking deserves special praise. Myers made some vivid darts through the French defence, but was inclined to kick too much. Catcheside was worried by his *vis-à-vis*, Got, but made one spectacular run when he leapt over the full-back to score a try, reminding us all of that other famous "lepper," S. F. Cooper. Chantrill was only moderate; he generally found touch, but his kicks were often short.

I referred in my last article to the "best ever" team which has represented England, the players being chosen from among all who have won a "cap"—irrespective of time. I have had a large number of selections from players of all ages, some dating from the palmy days of Evanson, Wade and Bolton, others with much shorter recollections. The results have been interesting and show an extraordinary unanimity about some players. At full-back, H. T. Gamlin was almost unchallenged. Of three-quarters, R. W. Poulton-Palmer, better known as Ronny Poulton, and C. N. Lowe were the most popular choices; it is significant that these two were included by many of those with the longest memories of the game. W. J. A. Davies, again, was universally picked at half-back, while C. A. Kershaw and Alan Rotherham received an equal number of votes for the second place. Many preferred Davies and Kershaw, as a pair, to any other combination. There was a greater difference of opinion about the best eight forwards: but S. M. J. Woods was chosen by almost everyone, and J. Daniell, the brothers Gurdon and W. W. Wakefield came next. The full team was: Full-back, H. T. Gamlin; three-quarters, R. W. Poulton-Palmer, C. N. Lowe, A. E. Stoddart and R. E. Lockwood, with W. N. Bolton as a reserve; halves, W. J. A. Davies and C. A. Kershaw or A. Rotherham; forwards, S. M. J. Woods, J. Daniell, E. T. Gurdon, C. Gurdon, W. W. Wakefield, H. Vassall, V. H. Cartwright and W. E. Bromet.

Among the other great players who should, in the opinion of many, be found a place in such a team were: Wade, Evanson, Robertshaw, Birkett, Evershed, C. J. B. Marriott, L. Stokes Jowett, Tothill, Dibble and J. A. King. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*—it is difficult for anyone to free himself from the glamour of his own times, and it must also be remembered that "not one of us is infallible—not even the youngest of us!" LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

CORRESPONDENCE

THOMAS BOOTHBY AND THE QUORN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your article on the Quorn, of January 26th, there were allusions to Thomas Boothby of Tooley Park. You may, therefore, care to see this extract referring to him from some papers in my possession:

"Thomas Boothby was the celebrated sportsman and one of the most remarkable characters of his day for he hunted hounds for fifty years and may be said to be the father of foxhunting in this country."

"There is little definite information concerning Leicestershire foxhunting until we find Mr. Boothby at the head of an establishment at the latter end of the seventeenth century. The date at which this gentleman was born, hunted and died would possibly not have been generally known were it not for the fact that in the *Field*, 6th November, 1875, there appeared an engraving of Squire Boothby's Hunting horn; a perfectly straight Horn. This sketch was sent to the paper by Mr. Reginald Corbet of Adderly Manor of the South Cheshire Hounds. The lower portion of the Horn is silver and the upward portion towards the mouthpiece is of some greenish metal. The whole instrument must be about eighteen inches long. This Horn bears the inscription: 'Thomas Boothby

the body and known as a French Horn.'—G. M. BOOTHBY.

REVETT AND KING CHARLES'S STATUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE for February 9th you state that Revett made a good trade out of mementoes of King Charles I, alleged to have been made from his statue. I will not vouch for it, but I have heard that he made statuettes of Oliver Cromwell, not of the King, which he said were made of the King's statue. These he sold at a good price to Oliver's admirers. If this was so, Revett must not only have made a good income, but have enjoyed an excellent joke. I wonder if any of your readers can cast any light on this tale.—SUVRERETTA.

CLEARING AN OVERGROWN TROUT STREAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph which I hope may interest your readers. Owing to successive dry seasons, a Hertfordshire stream was overgrown with weeds, and a new "cutter"—the invention of the water bailiff—was utilised

wire: came silently, too, not voiced by herald's trumpets. No intervening multitudes heard it as it passed, more swiftly than lightning, with more deadly certainty than the sword of Dammokles, (hair-hung that lethal steel, symbol of impending doom). Through Highgate it passed, but Highgate heard it not. Not a nursemaid turned her head; and the sedate spinster, airing her poodle in the purloins of Golders Green, went serenely on her way. Barnet received it, but the butcher-boys—hearty, bucolic bumpkins, shepherding their pullocks from the fair to furnish sustenance for the respectable sojourners of that quiet town, gave it never a thought. Barnet received it and flashed it on singing wires as taut as harp-strings to old St. Albans—old Verulamium, where Caesar's legionaries, sleeping their unbroken slumber under the grey shadows of the Abbey, bear silent, eloquent witness to the fact that

" . . . the Paths of Glory

Lead but to the grave. . . ."

And from these historic heights it wafted in Aelian thrills to my lowly cottage, where I sat with bent brow, flushed with joy, pondering over this new thing which had come into my life, and conscious that on my drooping lash was forming one of those—

"Tears, idle tears, that do often lie too deep for words."

Do you blame me, reader mine, if with a blush I admit that a shadow of doubt troubled these meditations? Was I worthy of this? "Who am I?" I said to myself, "that I should hold converse with the mighty capital of that Empire (2,783,566 sq. miles) on which the Sun never sets"? What did London want of me? Perchance that from the torch which dimly burns in the immortal soul of each humblest one of us, aye even in my humblest soul, she might abstract so much fire as might suffice to kindle in her midst that mighty River of Thames whose waters the golden-tongued Byron once and for all portrayed in those never-to-be-forgotten stanzas which begin,

"Burst on, thou dark and bloody River,
burst!" . . .

U. S.

RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just read with interest, but not a little feeling of depression the letters of Sir Herbert Maxwell and Sir Stephen Renshaw in your February 16th issue, on the above subject. I note the damage which Sir Herbert Maxwell suffered in November last, with only some nine degrees of frost, but I have observed that when the sap in plants is ascending or descending, rabbits will attack and destroy, when at other seasons they would pay not the slightest attention to them, and, provided a cold snap should set in, at these periods the damage done, say, to an orchard, even in a night, might be very considerable indeed. Possibly this accounts for the damage he has suffered this winter. Now that even diplopappus, nepeta and olearia seem to be attacked by the infernal little vermin, there is really little left which I can think of immune from their attacks, but boxwood and screw-nails; doubtless, some reader will in due course inform us that they eat the former, but I sincerely trust no one will tell us they have taken to eating the latter, though it would occasion no surprise on my part.

In the circumstances, we must turn to the other side of the balance sheet, and seek the cheapest and most effectual way for their extermination. Shooting and trapping are effective, but expensive, and to be really of any use, in a rabbit-plagued district, have to be pursued the entire year round, with special vigilance during March, April, May and June, when even the humble 4d. per pound cannot be obtained. Poison, of course, is out of the question, for several obvious reasons; but is there no form of poison gas or something of that nature which could be safely and effectively used? I should dearly love to know if any of your readers have tried some such scheme and with what results. Keepers will always console you by telling you that this has been a wonderful year for rabbits, and they speak truly, for to my knowledge there have been nothing but wonderful years for rabbit-breeding since I was a boy, and I shrewdly surmise since Tutankhamen was a boy also.

—FORMAKIN.



THE CUTTER THAT CLEARED THE STREAM.

Esquire of Tooley Park, Leicestershire, with this Horn he hunted the first pack of foxhounds then in England 55 years. Born 1677 and died 1752. Now the property of Thomas D'Avenant, Esquire, County of Salop, his grandson. Thence to the Corbet family.

"If, by the way, Mr. Boothby himself hunted his hounds, there is at once a contradiction of the statement that Assheton Smith was the first amateur huntsman in Leicestershire.

"Since the engraving of the Horn first appeared it has sometimes been thought that the first pack of foxhounds then in England means the first pack ever started, but this we know cannot be the meaning intended, as one of the hunts, 'The Charlton,' was in existence before Mr. Boothby could have kept hounds.

"As he died in 1752 and hunted his County for 55 years, he must, assuming that he kept hounds until the day of his death, have taken the County in 1697 when he was not more than 20 years of age. Tooley Park, Mr. Boothby's estate, is now in the Atherstone County not far from Peckleton, in which place the name of Boothby is still respected, and it is said in a letter, from the Honourable and Reverend Augustus Pym, printed in Mr. Clanworth Martin's Hunting Songs and Sport that the old M.F.H. gave to the parish a peal of bells which was so tuned as to resemble the cry of a pack of foxhounds.

"How to accomplish this would nowadays possibly puzzle the most skilful campanologist.

"In the same letter Mr. Boothby is credited with having altered the pattern of Hunting Horn and as introducing a straight one for that seen in old types and slung around

to clear out the accumulation. It required the united strength of two fine Shire horses to haul the implement to and fro.—J. T. NEWMAN.

LONDON WANTS YOU!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—By a fortunate chain of circumstances I have come into the possession of the enclosed document and send it to you, thinking that you may like to give it wider publicity.—WILLIAM WYKES-THOMPSON.

FRAGMENT FROM AN ESSAY BY MISS UTTERLEIGH

SOBTOUGH OF PEWK HILL ACADEMY.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting-ting."

I bent my ear to the receiver, and a far-away mystic messenger proclaimed in awed tones—"London wants you."

London wanted me! Reader, have you ever received such a summons? Has London ever wanted you?

Thrilling thought! London! Let us pause for a while and consider what that word stands for. The Great City—the City of Wearied Souls. London mourning, rejoicing, with its toiling millions, grave and gay; its pursy stockbrokers; its flighty pleasure-seekers; its sober sandwichmen; its match-sellers; its flower-vendors; its fleets of buses; its armies of tube-trains that glide like coruscating anacondas, coiling themselves lovingly about the warm pulsating heart of the Metropolis (Mother-City) of Empire.

And London, this London, my London—aye and yours, gentle reader—wanted me. How my heart leapt to obey this call, like the proverbial hart that pants after cooling streams! Came to me this call over leagues of fine-spun

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THE AZURE-WINGED MAGPIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are three varieties of magpie in the Yangtze Valley—the common pied, the large blue and the azure-winged. The common magpie is particularly abundant, and is to be seen everywhere round Kiukiang. The big blue Chinese magpie is fond of hilly country, and is, therefore, not seen so much on the plains of the Yangtze. The azure-winged variety is quite common, and small flocks often come into the gardens of the Concession. These little magpies are really beautiful birds, and are, moreover, so tame that one can watch them at close quarters. The average length is 15ins., against 18ins. for the common and 25ins. for the blue. The head is black, body greyish blue, and wings and tail a beautiful azure. I have several times watched a flock of four of these birds in the garden of the house I am staying in. Very possibly I always saw the same ones, for elsewhere I have seen greater numbers together. They spent most of the time in some trees near the outside kitchen, and I presume they were on the look-out for scraps. I have, however, seen them very busy hunting in the deep angles between the fronds and trunks of palms. They are more silent than common pies, but when they speak their notes are harsh and disagreeable. Unlike other magpies, the azure-wings build several nests near together, usually choosing tall trees near villages. The nest consists of an outer layer of sticks round a centre of moss. As this

and pours in water sufficient to drown them, he will soon get rid of the mice.—W. H.

A WHITE STOAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On January 23rd I shot a perfectly white stoat. It had been a mild winter here (Pulborough, Sussex) so far, with only one fall of snow of $\frac{1}{2}$ in., which had gone the next night, and that was about Christmastime. One usually imagines that these creatures turn white in order to escape being seen by their enemies, but at all events this stoat was most conspicuous on the dark heather and not on snow. The last one I saw was on January 8th, 1923, also a mild year, and no snow about. The only others I have seen have been during hard frost with deep snow. An old ex-keeper whom I have been giving some work to, and who is usually to be relied on in these sort of subjects, told me that stoats usually change like this in March. Is he right in this matter? I doubt it.—EDWARD KING.

ON HICKLING BROAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which is unique in the annals of Hickling Broad. The November frost broke suddenly in a gale of wind and rain from the south. The wind blew the broken ice across the broad and piled it up at the entrance to the dyke at Hickling Staithes. My photograph shows the men trying to



IMPALED WHERE IT FELL.

impaled on the stick marking his stand. The photograph is absolutely untouched and must, I think, be a very uncommon one.—RUPERT E. DARNTON.

“HE THAT WILL DECEIVE THE FOX
MUST RISE BETIMES.”
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing herewith a photograph of a well used fox earth. Two or three times lately I have packed the entrance to the earth with twigs and small sticks, hoping the fox



TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH THE ICE WITH LIGHTERS.

magpie seems to have been successfully introduced into Spain, it might very likely succeed in England. It would certainly be a charming addition to our coves, and as it is so small would probably prove harmless. Its slender graceful shape, the clear azure of wings and tail, pearl grey breast and blue-grey back make it one of the most beautiful birds of China.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

A PLAGUE OF FIELD MICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In answer to the letter in COUNTRY LIFE, February 9th, “A Plague of Field Mice,” please advise the writer to get in touch with “Ratin,” address Sofnol, Limited, Westcombe Hill, Greenwich, S.E.10. I was badly troubled in my rock garden and rock wall, also in the vegetable garden, and I cleared the first two in one night. I have used “Ratin” for several years. Tell whoever wants to know not to kill any rats or mice found about the garden for the next few days after the destroyer is put down. I had a half-drunk rat about my potting shed for two days after and did not see another for a year or more.—CAMPBELL MARTIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to “M. W.’s” letter of the 9th ult., if he sinks a jar or basin level with the earth and smears the top and inside for about two inches down with a thick layer of lard,

break a way through with their lighters.—E. L. TURNER.

LEAP YEAR PROPOSALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can tell me the origin of the popular idea that a man must present a silk gown to any girl whose leap year proposal he refuses? I have not been able to trace any record of this in old books, nor can I find any actual English law relating to leap year customs. In Scotland the law was explicit enough: “It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of his maist blissit Mageste, for ilk year knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estatt shall haue liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuse to taik him to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estatt may be; except and awis gif he can make it appear that he is bethrothit ane ither woman he then shall be free.” France introduced a similar law some years later, and the custom of women proposing in leap year was legally recognised in Florence and Genoa during the fifteenth century. Nobody seems able to say when the practice began.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

A RARE SHOOTING INCIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may prove of interest to your readers. My father was shooting at a stand when the birds came over very high, and one he shot fell and was



A WELL USED FOX EARTH.

would return to the earth during daylight. Each time these were removed during the night, the fox using his teeth freely, which can be seen by the twigs being broken and stripped of bark. I thought, perhaps, this would interest your readers.—A. KAY.

A CONTENTED CHICK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope that you may like to publish this small picture of a Faverolle chicken at meal time.—R.



FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED.

THE LIFE-BOAT CENTENARY



THE WRECK OF THE ROHILLA. HAULING UP A LIFE-BOAT AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT.

TO celebrate the centenary of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, which falls on March 4th, the Committee of Management commissioned Major A. J. Dawson, author of "The Message" and other well known books, to write a history of the Institution and its work. Major Dawson has evidently found his task a congenial one; his book is well and vividly written, and, in the wonderful record of a hundred years of the noblest and most unselfish service in the world, he has produced a volume which should appeal to every man, woman, boy and girl in the British Islands. The book, *Britain's Life-boats*, is heralded by an Introduction from the Prince of Wales, President of the Institution, and a Foreword by that good seaman and brilliant writer, Mr. Joseph Conrad. The publishers are Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Major Dawson well describes the first tentative beginnings of the life-boat service and the splendid work of its originator, Colonel Sir William Hillary, who, after the French wars, settled in the Isle of Man, performed notable life-saving work on that dangerous coast and founded the Life-boat Institution. That gallant soldier, who himself personally assisted in saving 300 lives from the sea, died in 1847 and lies buried in St. George's churchyard, Douglas, where his tomb has been recently restored by the Institution. Sanguine though his temperament, he could little have foreseen that, within a century of the founding of his great work, more than 59,000 lives could have been saved by the efforts of the devoted life-boat-men round the shores of these islands. Of these lives, no fewer than 5,346 were rescued during the Great War, mainly by the veterans of the service. The younger men were doing their duty elsewhere—in the Navy, mine sweeping and so forth—and the boats of the Institution were manned by those whose ages ranged from fifty to seventy-three. Never was finer service performed than by these splendid veterans during the war, when the enemy was sinking vessels by hundreds round the coasts of Britain. Think of the marvellous struggle during forty-eight raging hours of tempest in rescuing the survivors of the great hospital ship *Rohilla*, wrecked off Whitby in the late autumn of 1914. The Whitby No. 2 life-boat, after incredible exertions, including the dragging of her over a sea wall, made two passages in terrific weather and saved thirty-five lives. She was then found to be so battered by the rocks as to be unusable. The Uppang boat was now called upon. Transported across the fields, she was actually lowered down the sheer cliffs opposite the wreck and launched. But neither she nor the Whitby No. 1 boat nor the Teesmouth and Scarborough life-boats were able to get within 50yds. of the wreck, so furious were the seas which constantly drove them back. Finally came the chance of the motor life-boat, a type which can succeed where no pulling or sailing boat can even approach a wreck. The telegraph brought to the scene the Tynemouth motor life-boat, Henry Vernon, which, after a perilous passage along the unlighted coast, in terrible weather, aided by the use of gallons of oil poured on the waters,

succeeded in the desperate venture of saving the remaining survivors, who were brought—fifty in number—safely to land after a ceaseless battle for two days and nights.

During the hundred years of the life-boat service there have been countless epics of this kind, mostly fought during the dark hours of wild nights, when most Britons lie snugly abed. The majority of these heroic combats with nature are almost unknown to the public, and even Major Dawson's volume can find space for but a few samples, such as the wreck of the Indian Chief off Ramsgate, of the Pyrin and the Fernebo off Cromer and of the Hopelyn on the Scroby Sands near Caister last October. This last wreck again triumphantly demonstrated the wonderful advantages possessed by the new motor life-boats.



THE GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS—THE GOODWIN SANDS.



A WRECK AT THE LIZARD.

THE CREDENTIALS OF SOME GRAND NATIONAL ASPIRANTS

THREE PAST WINNERS AND THEIR RIVALS.

MOST winners of the Grand National are given plenty of practice in public before the day of their big adventure at Aintree. Yet we have the winner of last year, Sergeant Murphy, absent throughout the whole of the present National Hunt season, though his trainer, George Blackwell, told me the other day that the old horse would doubtless appear at Gatwick this week end. Actually he has been off a racecourse ever since his big triumph was registered now nearly a year ago with poor "Tuppy" Bennet in the saddle. His trainer, who should know best, clearly believes that the old horse does best when produced fresh and well. After all, Sergeant Murphy should not be in need of any schooling in jumping; and in looking back on his career one may agree that the best part of it was when he was not given too much to do in public. Apart from the good it does to a horse to give him a race, the 1923 winner of the Grand National would have little chance of earning distinction on our park courses. In the first place he is essentially one for the slower pace and the bigger jumping which the Aintree course demands. He would have to carry big weights over the park courses, and I take it he would not be good enough to win against the smart and younger three milers. I much doubt whether he will win at Gatwick this week-end, but, at least, the experience in public, now that the Grand National is drawing so near, will do him a deal of good.

I am reminded that he only ran twice before competing in the big steeplechase last year. His first appearance was made half way through February, and in a three and a half mile steeplechase at Hurst Park he was third to Libretto. Bennet rode him, for it had been arranged at this time that he would have the mount at Aintree for which the horse was being specially trained. Then he ran in the race at Gatwick which will bring about his reappearance now. He was fifth this time behind Gerald L., Forewarned, Keep Cool and My Rath. It was because of the excellent way in which Gerald L. won this race in such sound company, and, later, the four mile steeplechase at Hurst Park, that the horse became such a strong fancy for the Grand National, for which it may be recalled he did not run through straining a tendon at Hurst Park.

Music Hall is another who only ran twice in the season before winning the Grand National. The first was a very ordinary affair, but then not long before having to go to Liverpool he won that four mile steeplechase at Hurst Park in the first year it was instituted by the late Mr. Joseph Davis. Each year the winner of the Grand National has performed in it, which is why there will be so much interest in the next celebration of the event this month. Shaun Spadah, who won premier honours three years ago, ran fairly frequently prior to his success, and this season he has made quite a number of appearances, one as lately as last week-end at Kempton Park and in an optional selling steeplechase of two miles and a half, if you please! Of course, they did not claim a big allowance for him, which would have been the case had they entered him to be sold, and in that sense, therefore, he was aloof from the humbler fry. Still, it was strange to find him in such company and over a distance much shorter than that at which he is supposed to shine. He was only a moderate fourth in a field of six, the race being won for Captain Brinckman by Greenogue, a horse who has been performing with fair credit in handicap class, but was now allowed to change hands for the hunter price of 270 guineas.

Shaun Spadah had been trying to give away 35lb., and in the circumstances I do not consider that his Grand National chances have been compromised. You have only to think of the vast contrast between the two propositions. The old horse looked really well and just as he should be with the race now only about three weeks distant. With the exception of last year's winner something more or less definite is known about most of the fancied horses for the affair this month, since they have been seen in public. I confess to much disappointment over Gerald L. When he was first reintroduced early in the season it was the general opinion of many good judges that the big horse had never carried so much condition on which the trainer could work. He did not run badly then—I have in mind a race at Newbury—but he has failed most signally in subsequent races. His owner, Major Scott Murray, is, unquestionably, disappointed and recognises that his horse cannot possibly have recovered his form. Perhaps his training has not been altogether uninterrupted, but there it is—he is not the slashing fine steeple-chaser over three miles that he was a year ago at this time. Possibly he may touch it again before the season ends, but with all the weight he has got for the Grand National it is simply impossible to take sides with him this time. Last year he was immensely fancied until trouble developed after his fine win at Hurst Park.

Of the new bidders for honours the most notable, beyond all question, is Silvo, of whom much has been seen and in the most favourable light possible. He has done nothing but win his races, and to be sure he could do no more than that. Mr. Topham has not underrated him in giving him 12st. 2lb. to carry, and he

will have to be the good horse we believe him at this moment to come through. He is most excellent as an individual in repose, and what could be more convincing than his quick, clean and finished way of jumping? Why should not such a natural jumper as he is get twice round Liverpool? Certainly I believe he will do so if his stamina should not give out. He will be well ridden by "Tony" Escott, who sits closer to a horse than most jockeys riding over fences to-day and is certainly endowed with intelligence much above the ordinary of professional jockeys. The doubt in the case of Silvo is one of stamina, merely because it has never been actually proved beyond suspicion. Yet his other credentials are so admirable that his admirers will not mind speculating on this point. After all, something in every racing proposition has to be taken on trust.

We have been given more than one useful peep at Conjuror II, whose success with Harry Brown in the saddle would be highly popular with all shades of folk interested in National Hunt racing. No one would rejoice more than the writer, because it would seem such a fine thing for the big prize to go to a horse, whose merits were first discovered in the hunting field, that came out and won the National Hunt Steeplechase like a real good 'un, and was ridden by the son of the owner, a young man with little experience of steeplechase riding, but who has done right well by the horse. The pity is that his weight will not permit of his taking the mount this time. The next best thing is for Harry Brown to be in charge, and he is most efficient and keen beyond words to achieve the ambition of his lifetime. Conjuror II made a big impression when he won not long ago at Manchester, especially as his trainer considered him to be backward. Funny how, when he considered him to be fighting fit the other day at Leicester, he should have been beaten, that race being won by one of his other horses, Fly Mask, which, from all accounts, he did not think was forward enough to win! I do not in any sense consider Conjuror II to be a high-class horse. Where, indeed, are the high-class horses? Silvo may be one, but my idea of what constitutes class in steeple-chasing is not to be found in the present entry for the Grand National. How often has it happened, however, that the Grand National has been won by a comparatively ordinary horse. That is, of course, because the race is a handicap with a 35lb. range between top and bottom weight.

Music Hall, the other past winner in the race, does not seem to me as good as he was two years ago at this time, that is, on the eve of his triumph. I wonder if it is that he is proving difficult to train. He always had a bothersome leg, and it may be so now. In any case the handicapper has looked after him, and I cannot believe that if several others remain on their legs he will prevail. Still, it never does to be dogmatic on that point. The Grand National is such an unvarying law unto itself and cannot be sized up by any other laws. At Kempton Park last week-end we saw Taffytus out again, and he did not exactly rejoice those who have been taking sides with his candidature, if only because he seemed to be so very favourably handicapped. He was a winner in January at Sandown Park, since when he has had many admirers. Then came a failure to beat quite a moderate handicapper named Gem at Hurst Park. At Kempton Park one feels that he should have done better than was the case over three miles and a half, but the truth is the horse seemed to die out as if his stamina were at fault. The view that this horse was not a true stayer was put to me some time ago, but, bearing in mind his third for the "National" when Music Hall won, I was inclined to dismiss the idea. It is by no means improbable, however, that he does not really get the "National" course. On the occasion of his third he was beaten eighteen lengths by Music Hall. I thought it was much more, but one that divided him from the winner was Drifter, who is one of the slowest steeple-chasers I know of. Still, one would honestly take much pleasure in the victory of a horse owned by a much-liked man and trained by the worthy Tom Leader at Newmarket.

No doubt we may derive some useful knowledge from anything that may happen at the National Hunt meeting now drawing near and also that four mile steeplechase which is due to be decided at Hurst Park on the 15th of the month. Meanwhile, interest in the Lincolnshire Handicap is thin indeed. Epinard's candidature has created some stagnation and general paralysis, especially among those who apparently find much pleasure and doubtful profit in betting on the race thus early. The papers are competing with each other in publishing apparently contradictory accounts, either stating positively that he will run or that he will not come to Lincoln. They can only be guessing. Surely it must depend on whether the horse be considered fit enough to compete under 10st., because he would not have to be much below his best form as we knew it at Newmarket to make it certain that he would be defeated. When I think of the horse's engagements in the City and Suburban, the Jubilee Handicap, the Ascot Gold Cup, and, when the time comes, the Royal Hunt Cup, I cannot think somehow they will want to take on a very second-class handicap like that at Lincoln. I am making no pretence of possessing any stable information.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LORD LEVERHULME'S AUCTION

GRIMERSTA salmon fishing—referred to in these columns three weeks ago in notes on the impending auction of over 290,000 acres situated on the Island of Lewis—is described at considerable length by Mr. W. L. Calderwood in his book on the "Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland." He says: "Away in those Outer Hebrides are one or two waters which for years very few knew about as fishing places. A few enterprising fishermen had found them, and had quietly settled down to a period of enjoyment; but it is only within comparatively recent times that it became generally known that certain fishings in those parts were worth considerable effort to secure. For many years a small and close company of anglers made great scores in the Grimersta, but they did not tell the public much about it, and their little fishing-lodge contained only enough bedrooms to accommodate themselves."

The Grimersta is the best fishing in the Island of Lewis and, for its size, one of the most productive fisheries in Scotland. The impartial testimony of Mr. Calderwood, in his encyclopaedic work on the salmon fishing of Scotland, should be studied by anyone to whom one or more of the eight lots in Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's coming auction—next Tuesday at Hanover Square—may appeal. He, naturally, lays stress on the curious formation of the river, which is really a very short connection between the sea and the chain of four lochs, giving abundant water. The name of one of these lochs, Langabhat, "has a marked Scandinavian tincture, reminiscent of the days of the Vikings." The Grimersta proper is but a mile long, and it is in the lochs that the salmon fishings lie. "It is a wonderful sight in bright hot weather," says Mr. Calderwood, "to see the salmon jumping in the bay at the mouth of the Grimersta. At times, when the fish have congregated in great numbers, being unable to ascend the little river to the first loch, they leap with surprising frequency. Almost every second a bar of glittering silver seems to flash out in the sun, and one may sometimes see quite a number in the air at once. People have told me that they have been unable to sleep at night owing to the splashing." With that prospect of slumber broken by shoals of salmon waiting to be hooked we may take leave of the island for a while, conjecturing whether it was really the noise of the splashing or the hopes excited by it that caused the sleepless night. In such circumstances it may be that we should not ourselves get much sleep, but it would be because we were getting ready for the next day's sport.

LOCHLUICHART TO BE SOLD.

THE 30,000 acres of Lochluichart, shortly to be sold by order of the Marquess of Northampton, are two-thirds deer forest and the rest grouse moor, with salmon and trout fishing of that excellence which the vicinity of a notably large and deep loch naturally suggests. The agents are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and the names of neighbouring sporting estates have only to be mentioned to prove the value of Lochluichart—to wit, Loch Rosque, Braemore, Fannich, Strathconan and Strathvaich.

Haivering House, Milton, near Saverne Forest, a seventeenth century property, and 6 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

SALE OF A YORKSHIRE ABBEY.

THE West Riding estate of Sawley has less an antiquarian than an agricultural interest to-day, though it still contains the ruins of the Cistercian abbey which was founded in 1146 by William de Percy. At the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries the place was of some importance, having the then considerable revenue of £221 15s. 8d. The gate-house was long ago converted into a cottage, and the nave and transept appear to have best withstood the ravages of time, being described with some particularity in an old work which lies before us as we write. Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners announce that they have sold in private negotiation, in its entirety, the Sawley estate, situate on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and lying between Skipton and Blackburn. The estate includes Sawley

Lodge, sixteen dairy and stock-raising farms, small holdings and accommodation land, practically the whole village of Sawley, the fully licensed property, Spread Eagle, the ruins of Sawley Abbey, and four miles of salmon and trout fishing in the Ribble, and the manor of Sawley, the whole extending to 2,200 acres, and producing over £3,000 per annum.

The ground plan of the old monastic church can still be seen, and in the transept are six chantry chapels, while the choir is thrice as long as the nave. Existing are the tombs of Richard le Clitheroe and William de Rimington, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1372. The massive arches, the nave and choir, a number of wonderful old carvings and mouldings are still preserved, and it is hoped that such an important link in the history of England will be preserved.

Sawley is apparently part of the estate of eighty grass farms, many small holdings, tracts of woodlands, and fishing rights in the Ribble, for auction in three or four sections in March.

COTSWOLD AND THAMES VALLEY HOUSES.

COLONEL ARTHUR DUGDALE, D.S.O., has instructed Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock to offer by auction, during the season, the freehold residential and agricultural estate of Kitebrook, Moreton-in-Marsh. The estate is conveniently situated for hunting with the Heythrop, Warwickshire and North Cotswold Hounds, and lies between Chipping Norton and Moreton-in-Marsh. It comprises a beautifully appointed stone house of the Cotswold type, of moderate size and replete with modern requisites. There are first-class stabling, a garage, good farm buildings and nine cottages. The grounds are pleasant and the home farm, about 250 acres, practically all pasture, is of a productive character.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. Bosley and Harper, will offer also by auction early in May, the freehold residential and agricultural estate known as Neighbrook, Moreton-in-Marsh, comprising an old-fashioned stone residence dated 1610, with exposed oak beams and open fireplaces, together with buildings and 500 acres of grassland; also the freehold residential property known as The Leys, Burmington, Warwick, and Crippetts Farm, Leckhampton, 1½ miles from Cheltenham, a grass farm of 80 acres, with stone house and model buildings.

Land in the Sunningdale and Maidenhead districts has been sold during the last few days by Messrs. Gidds, whose sales include: The White Hermitage, Old Windsor, an old-fashioned residence, with cottage and 3 acres; The Crossways, Sunningdale, a modern residence adjoining the golf links, recently occupied by Sir Harry Samuel; The Beeches, Englefield Green, a modern residence, with cottage and 9 acres, adjoining Windsor Great Park and with views over the Thames Valley; Brockenhurst, South Ascot, a modern residence, with grounds of 1½ acres; a new house on the Windlesham Court estate, near Sunningdale, with garage and nearly 4 acres; and Holly Bank, Windlesham, a cottage residence with 4 acres.

Dunstan House, Thatcham, near Newbury, and 9 acres, and various sites in the neighbourhood, have been sold by Messrs. Thake and Paginton.

Coopers, a house designed by and built under the superintendence of a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1912, and situate on the borders of Surrey, Hants and Berks, in Charles Kingsleys' country, has been sold privately by Messrs. Stuart, Hughes, Limited. The area of the property is 5½ acres, comprising delightful grounds and good grassland.

VALUE OF LONDON PREMISES.

INTERESTING in part by reason of the magnitude of the structure and its central situation overlooking Victoria Street, the Westminster property, St. Ermin's Hotel, has come under the hammer of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, the bidding, from a very representative company of estate agents and financiers, stopping at £240,000, and being followed

by a formal withdrawal of the property by Mr. George W. Rutter, a member of the St. James's Square firm, at £275,000.

It is suggested in the case of this property, as of the First Avenue Hotel, in High Holborn, for sale by Messrs. Nicholas for a quarter of a million sterling, that a profitable use of the premises might be found in diversion from their primary purpose of hotels. It is a curious thing that this should be the case in a year when so many people are to visit London for the Wembley exhibition that every inch of hotel space is expected to be at a premium.

Regarding one suggestion, conversion into flats, there are no complications in the case of either of the hotels, but the question is not a simple one as regards the large town house so often spoken of as suitable for the operation. It is not alone a question as to the wishes of the ground landlords, who would welcome the higher ground rent which they might legitimately expect to receive as a result of the larger earning power of premises. The real obstacle is often that the holders of other houses on an estate are fortified by restrictive covenants which prevent the cutting up of houses into a number of tenements, and they stand by their rights. Seeing how flats are sometimes tenanted it is not surprising that the residents in a quiet neighbourhood decline to take the risk of its deterioration, especially as they are themselves subject all the while to restrictive covenants and can derive no advantage from waiving any of their rights and amenities.

Those who want flats still find that they have to pay a great deal more than they could get a good house for, if they were content to go a little farther afield. We note that Messrs. Hampton and Sons, through their branch office at Hampstead, are offering five properties to auction at St. James's Square, within the next few weeks, namely, Colrose, Frogmal, a freehold, with exquisite panelling, on March 4th; Birch Tree House, Greenaway Gardens, on March 18th; 79, Platts Lane, a freehold close to West Heath; and 5, The Gables, actually on the Heath, on March 25th; and 9a, Chesterfield Gardens, a non-basement freehold early in April.

No. 35, Wilton Crescent, Knightsbridge, leasehold for fifty-eight years unexpired at a ground rent of £70 a year, has been sold for £6,000, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, who have also disposed of Sir Guy Granet's house in Westminster, No. 14, North Street.

KEEN DEMAND FOR BUILDING LAND.

A LARGE number of transactions in building land, not only on the outskirts of London, but around towns and villages in all parts of the country, continue to be notified. Messrs. Prickett and Ellis have just sold four or five acres of the Stoke Park estate, Guildford, for a sports ground for the local high school for girls, and they have a number of first-rate residential sites in the same district for disposal. They are also interested as agents in the development of the large tract of land at Highgate, hitherto known as the Holly Lodge estate, until a few years ago the suburban retreat of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. This is now well in hand for building, and its present state and probable future aspect bring to the mind a day spent there, some years ago, by the writer, and the feeling way in which the late Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., enlarged on the love that the Baroness bore for the Lodge, and how he hoped that, whatever happened to it, the estate would be preserved as it then was. But it is the natural destiny of suburban land in such close proximity of London to be cut up into sites.

So it is to be with 12 or 14 acres of the East Finchley land of the late Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P. The sale just carried out by Messrs. Sturt and Tivendale is to be followed immediately by the division of the property into sites, and the plans have at one time, whether now they do we cannot say, contemplated the erection of as many as 150 villas. The large old houses on the estate are known as Summerlee and Park View.

The eighth consecutive auction of building land in and near Bournemouth, at which every lot has been sold, has just been conducted by Messrs. Fox and Sons, who obtained £13,332 for ninety-six sites on the Iford estate, Pokesdown Hill.

ARBITER.